

CALLING ALL BOYS

CALLING
ALL
BOYS

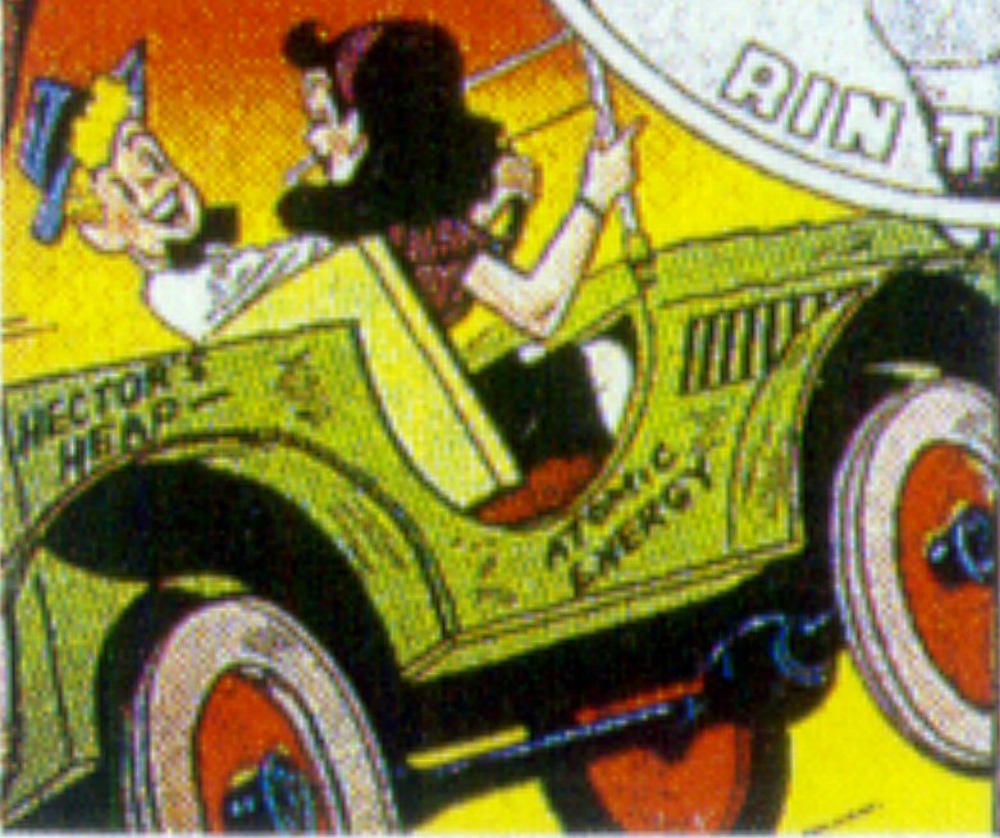


TEX GRANGER
IN
TROUBLE TOWN



SEE PAGE 30

HECTOR



BIGBRAIN BILLY

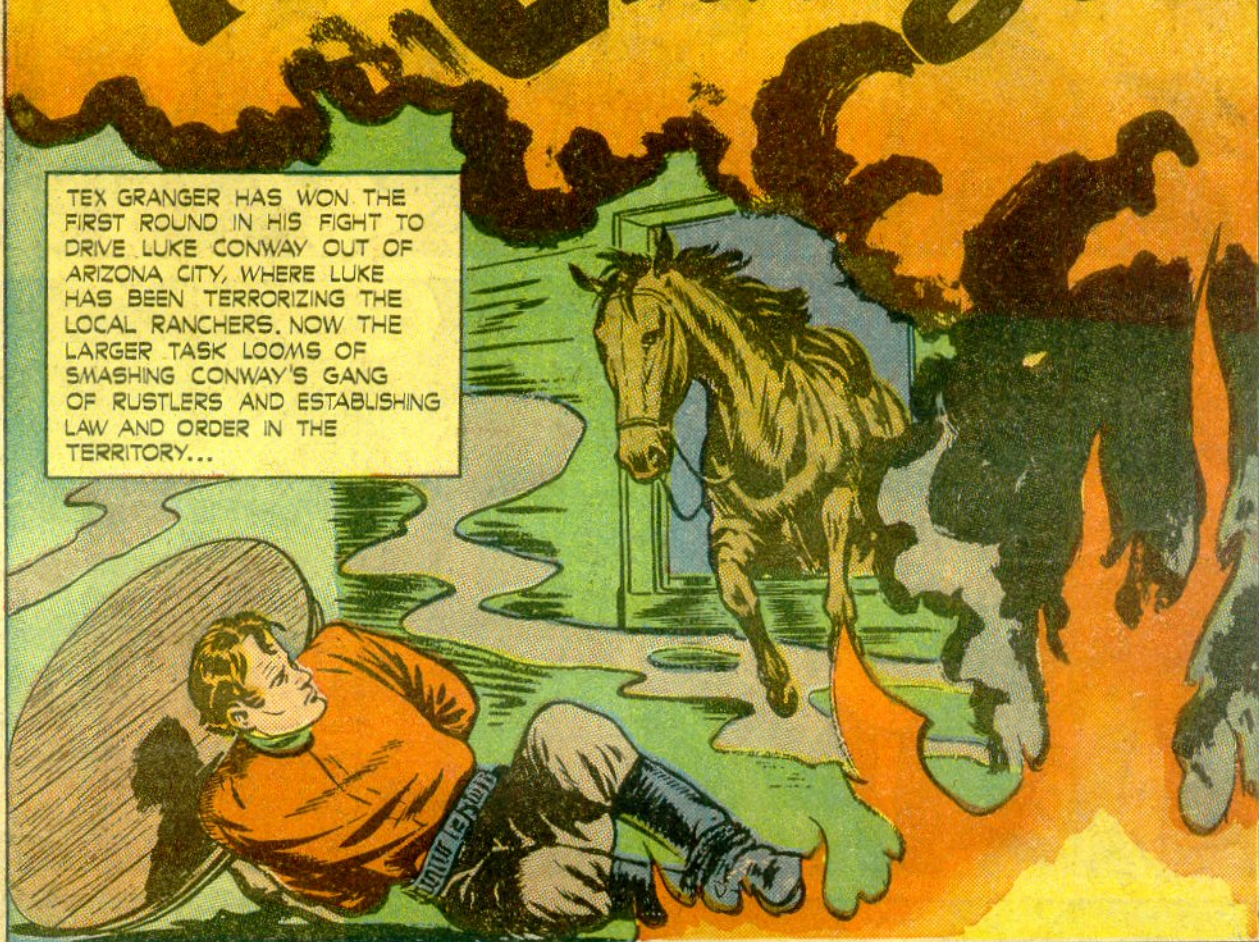
THE SMARTEST BOY
IN THE WORLD



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

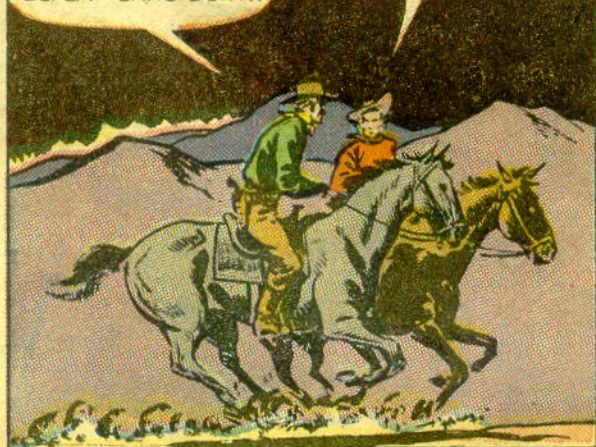
Tex Granger

TEX GRANGER HAS WON THE FIRST ROUND IN HIS FIGHT TO DRIVE LUKE CONWAY OUT OF ARIZONA CITY, WHERE LUKE HAS BEEN TERRORIZING THE LOCAL RANCHERS. NOW THE LARGER TASK LOOMS OF SMASHING CONWAY'S GANG OF RUSTLERS AND ESTABLISHING LAW AND ORDER IN THE TERRITORY...



TEX, I DON'T THINK LUKE'S GOING TO TAKE HIS FIRST DEFEAT LYING DOWN!

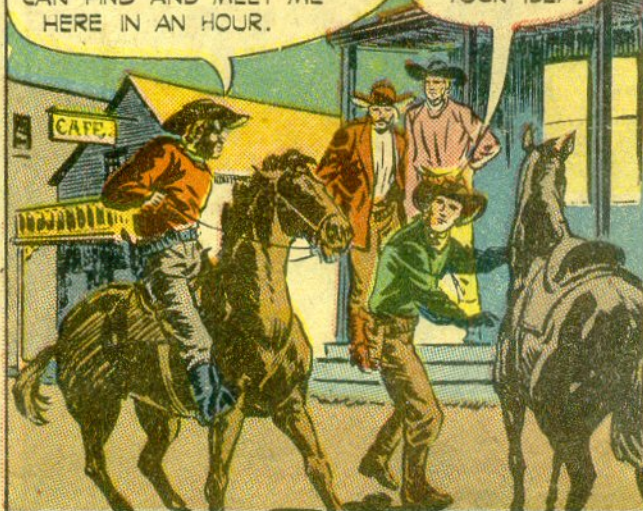
WE'LL TRY TO BE READY FOR HIM THIS TIME, JIM...



TEX AND JIM COLLINS RETURN TO ARIZONA CITY.

YOU GATHER TOGETHER ALL THE ARIZONA CITY RANCHERS YOU CAN FIND AND MEET ME HERE IN AN HOUR.

I SURE HOPE THEY GO FOR YOUR IDEA!



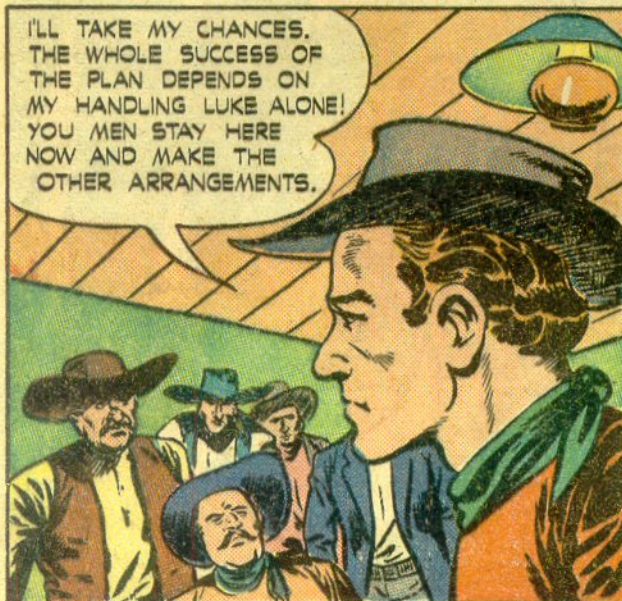
LATER...

NOBODY'S EVER TACKLED LUKE CONWAY ALONE BEFORE, GRANGER...EITHER ALONE OR WITH HELP. BUT IF YOU'RE WILLING TO TRY, WE'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

I WARN YOU, GRANGER, CONWAY'S A BLACK-HEARTED KILLER WITH THE CONSCIENCE OF A RATTLE-SNAKE. BETTER NOT TRY TO TACKLE HIM ALONE.



I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES. THE WHOLE SUCCESS OF THE PLAN DEPENDS ON MY HANDLING LUKE ALONE! YOU MEN STAY HERE NOW AND MAKE THE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS.



STEADY, RAMBLER.



AHH—



TIE HIM IN THE SADDLE AND LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE SOMEONE SEES US!

WE OUGHT TO FINISH HIM OFF RIGHT NOW...BUT I GUESS LUKE CONWAY KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING...



AN ABANDONED CABIN A FEW MILES FROM ARIZONA CITY...

THROW HIM ON THE BED, BOYS, AND TIE HIS LEGS.

YOU DON'T WASTE ANY TIME, DO YOU, CONWAY?



NO, AND I WON'T WASTE WORDS ON YOU EITHER, KID... I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE THESE RANCHERS ORGANIZING AGAINST ME!



... SO FIRST THING TOMORROW, YOU'RE GOING IN AND SWEAR THAT EVERYTHING YOU'VE TOLD THEM ABOUT ME IS A PACK OF LIES. AND THEN YOU'RE LEAVING TOWN!



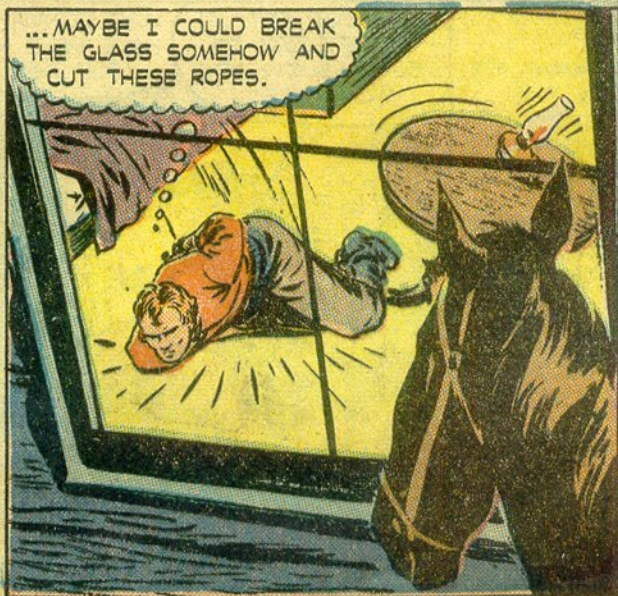
MEANWHILE, I'LL LEAVE YOU TO THINK IT OVER.

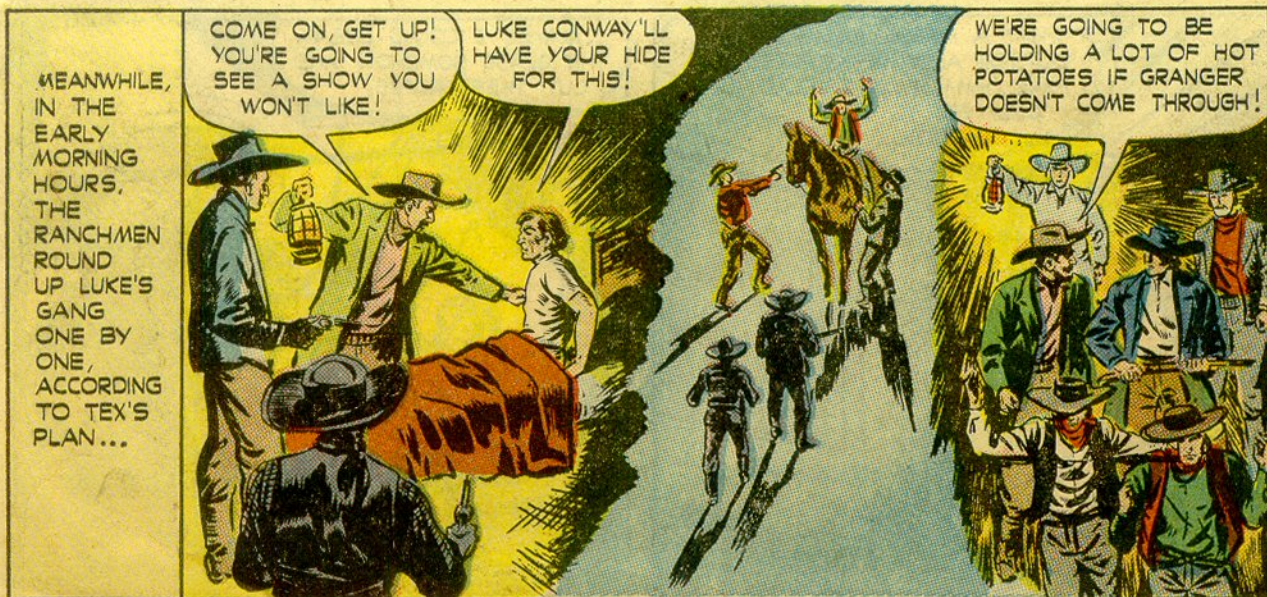
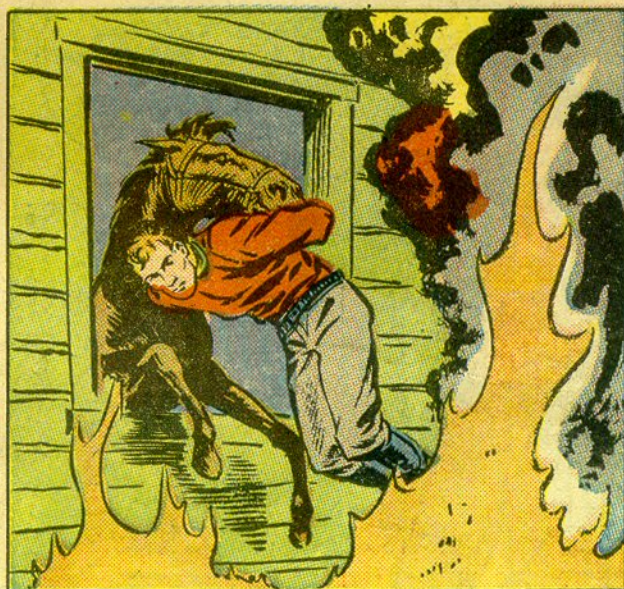
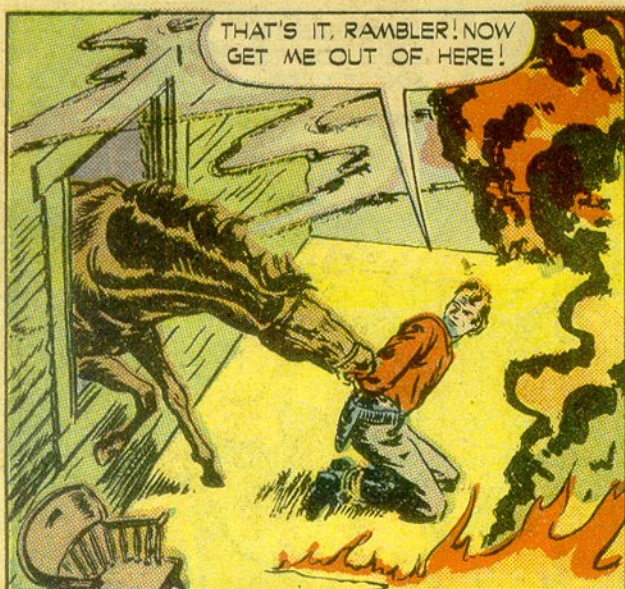
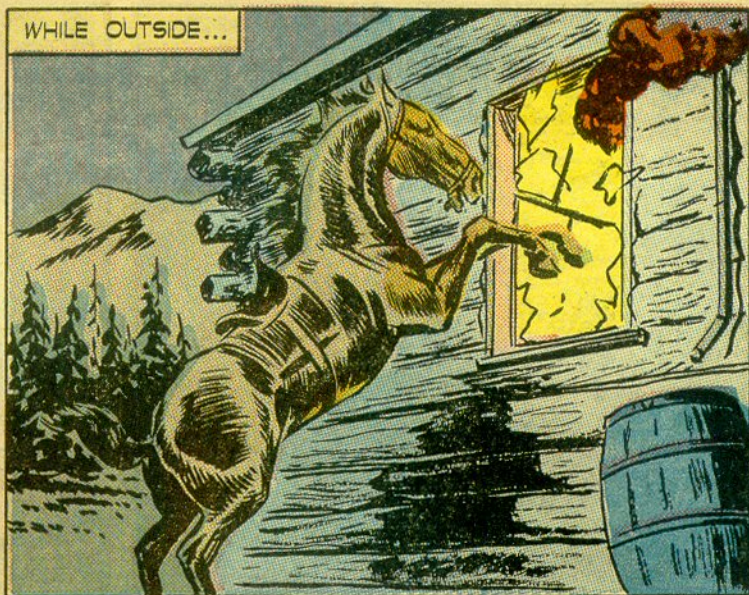


WHAT A MESS... RAMBLER OUTSIDE AND ME HELPLESS HERE... HMMM... IF I COULD ONLY GET TO THAT WINDOW...



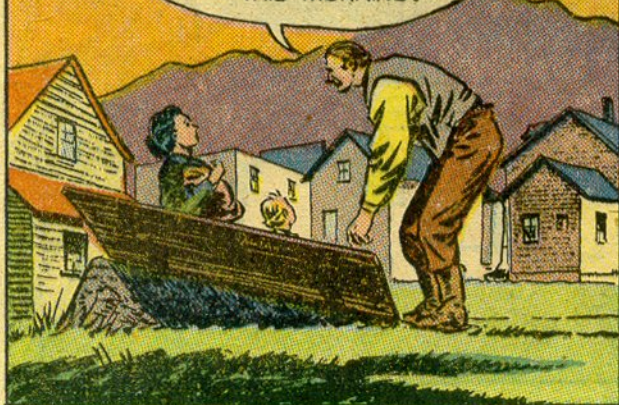
... MAYBE I COULD BREAK THE GLASS SOMEHOW AND CUT THESE ROPES.





RANCHMEN EXPECTED TROUBLE.

STAY DOWN THERE WITH THE KIDS TILL I CALL YOU, ELLA. THERE'S APT TO BE SOME SHOOTIN' HEREABOUTS THIS MORNING.



AT THE SAME TIME...

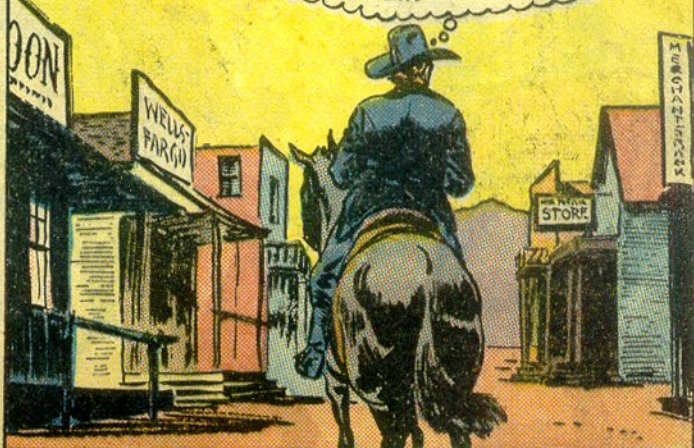
THE CABIN-IT'S BURNED! TEX MUST HAVE KNOCKED OVER THAT LAMP ON THE TABLE, TRYING TO GET AWAY. WELL, THAT'S THE END OF A FRESH KID!



THIS WORKS OUT PERFECTLY...I'LL GO INTO TOWN AND CHALLENGE GRANGER'S CHARGES AGAINST ME...WHEN HE DOESN'T SHOW UP, FOLKS'LL THINK HE RAN OUT ON THEM...

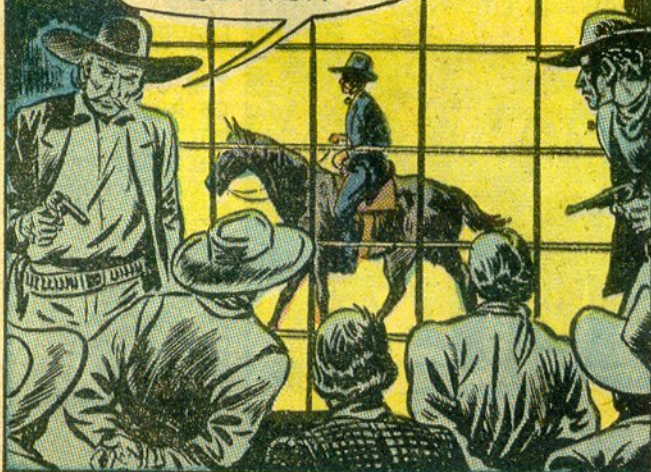


HMM... ARIZONA CITY'S MIGHTY QUIET AND EMPTY... WONDER WHERE EVERYBODY IS...



THE EYES OF AN UNSEEN AUDIENCE FOLLOW CONWAY DOWN THE DESERTED STREETS...

ONE SOUND OUT OF ANY OF YOU AND IT'LL BE YOUR LAST!

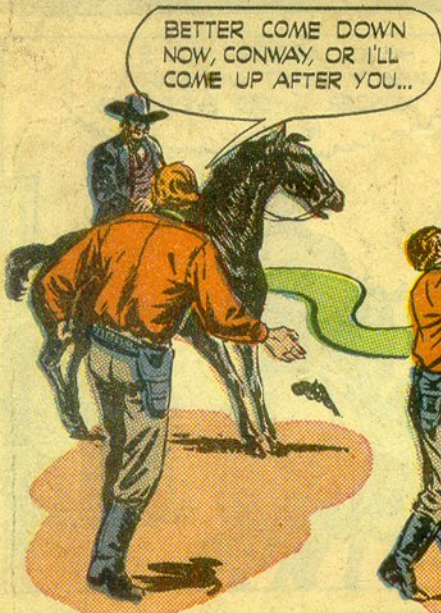
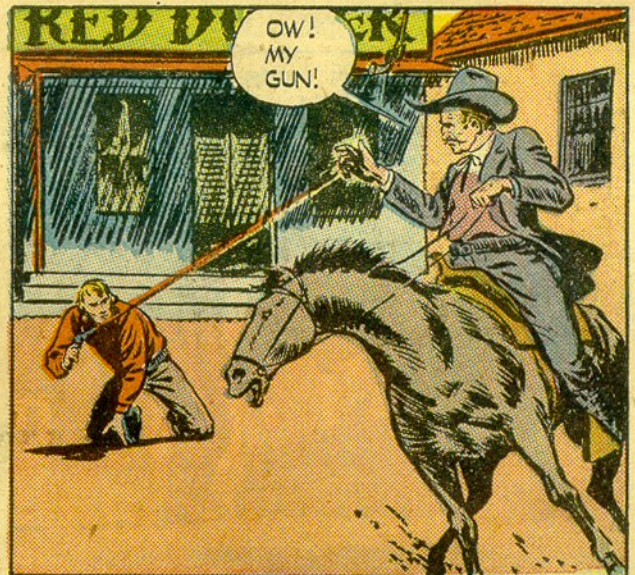
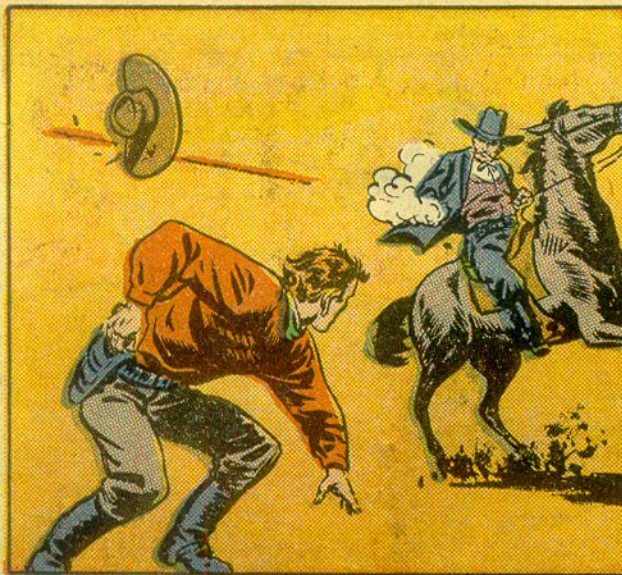


SUDDENLY...

ALL RIGHT, CONWAY, GET DOWN FROM THAT HORSE!

GRANGER!... BUT I SAW...!





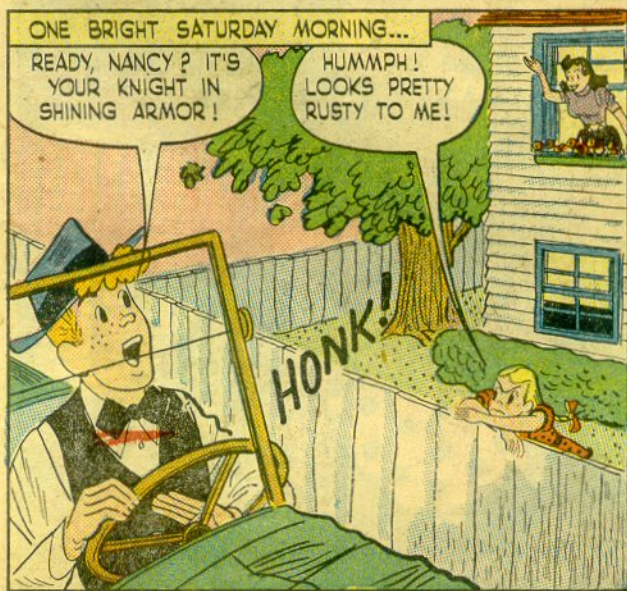
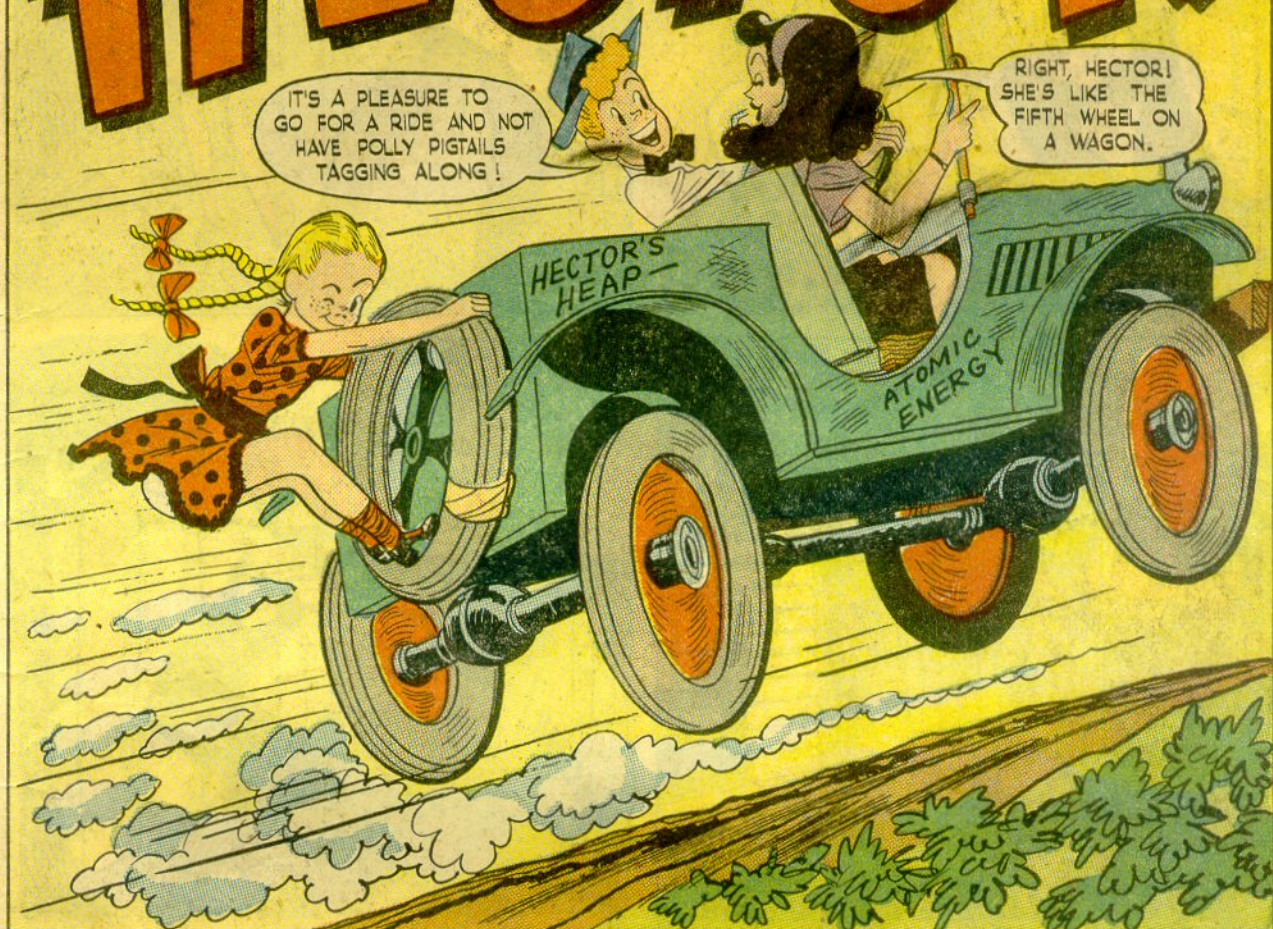
THEN CONWAY'S
GANG IS LED OUT.

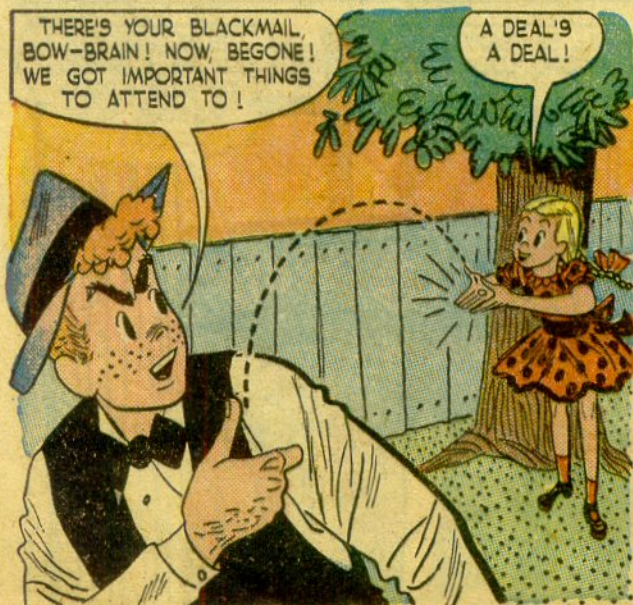
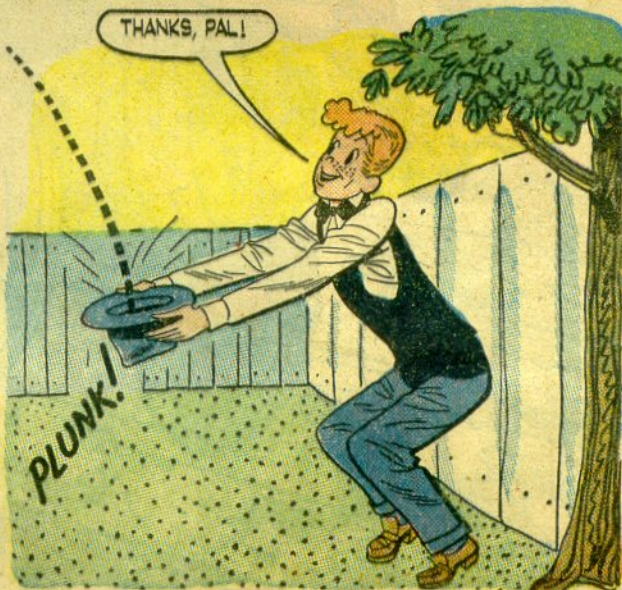
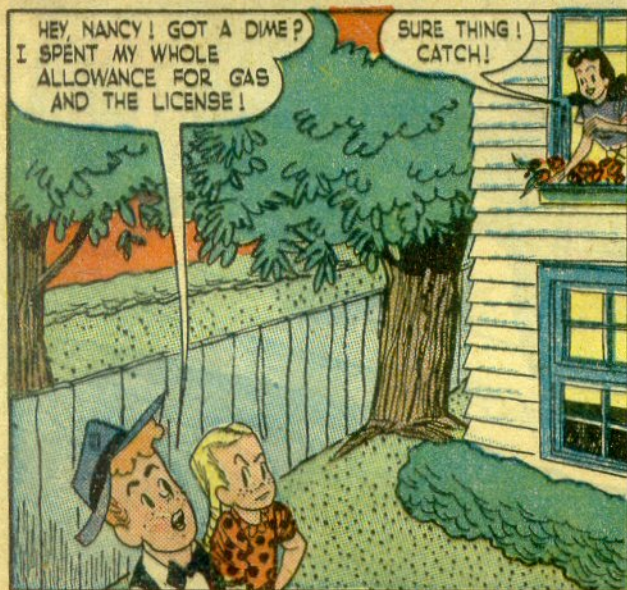
THERE'S YOUR BOSS, LUKE CONWAY. WHAT HAPPENED TO
HIM IS WHAT ALWAYS HAPPENS TO CROOKS WHEN MEN
ORGANIZE TO PROTECT THEMSELVES. TAKE YOUR
CHOICE; GET OUT OF TOWN WITH HIM FOR GOOD
OR STAY HERE AS LAW ABIDING 'CITIZENS...
WHAT'LL IT BE?

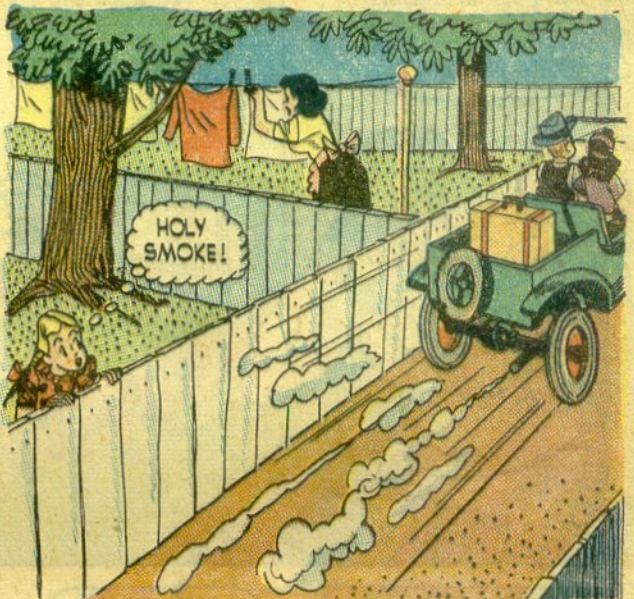
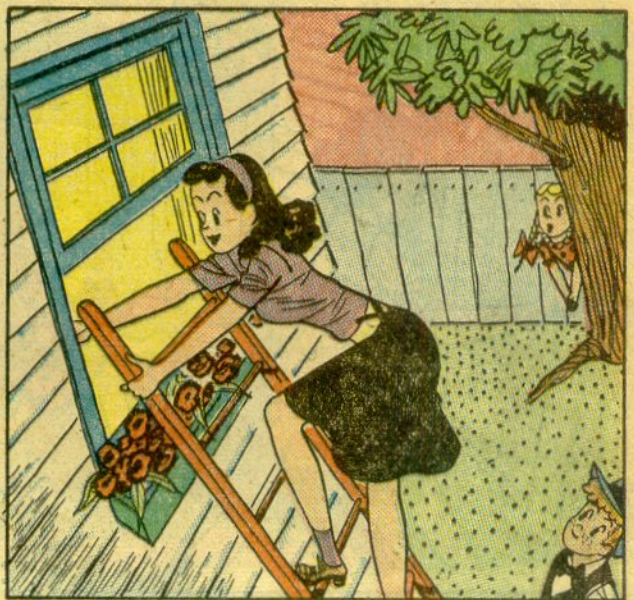


MAKING THEM
WITNESS THE
SMASHING
DEFEAT OF
THEIR
LEADER,
TEX FORCES
THE GANG
OF RUSTLERS
INTO A
DECISION.
HOW THEY
DECIDE
VITALLY
AFFECTS
THE PEACE
OF ARIZONA
CITY, AS WE'LL
SEE IN THE
NEXT THRILLING
CHAPTER.

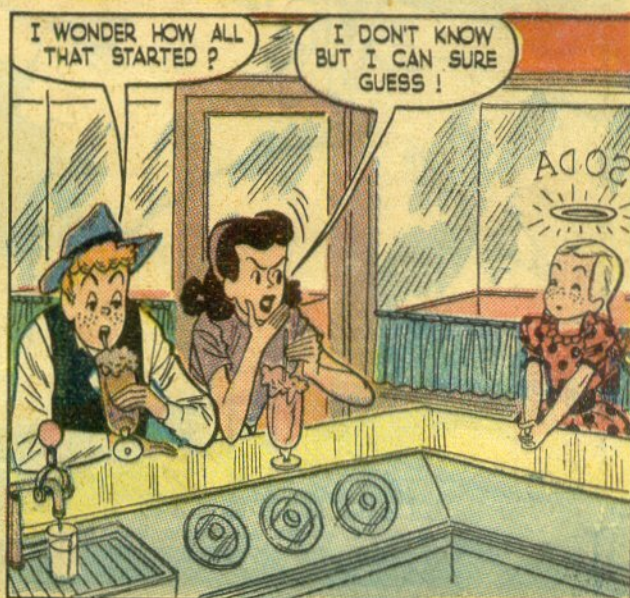
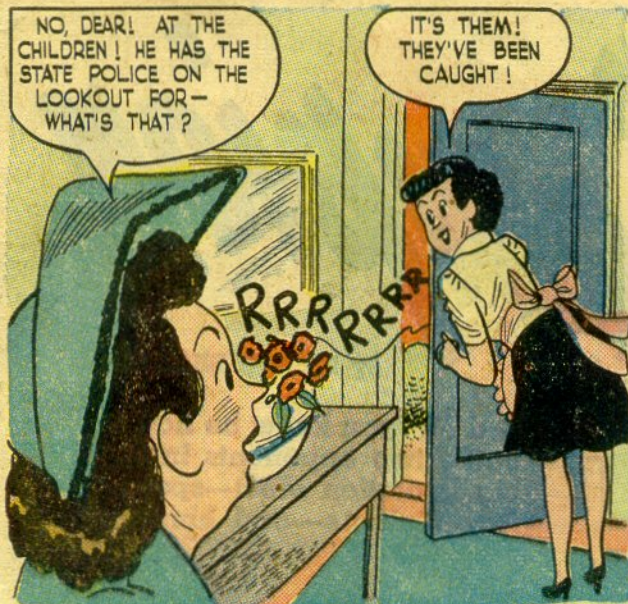
HECTOR







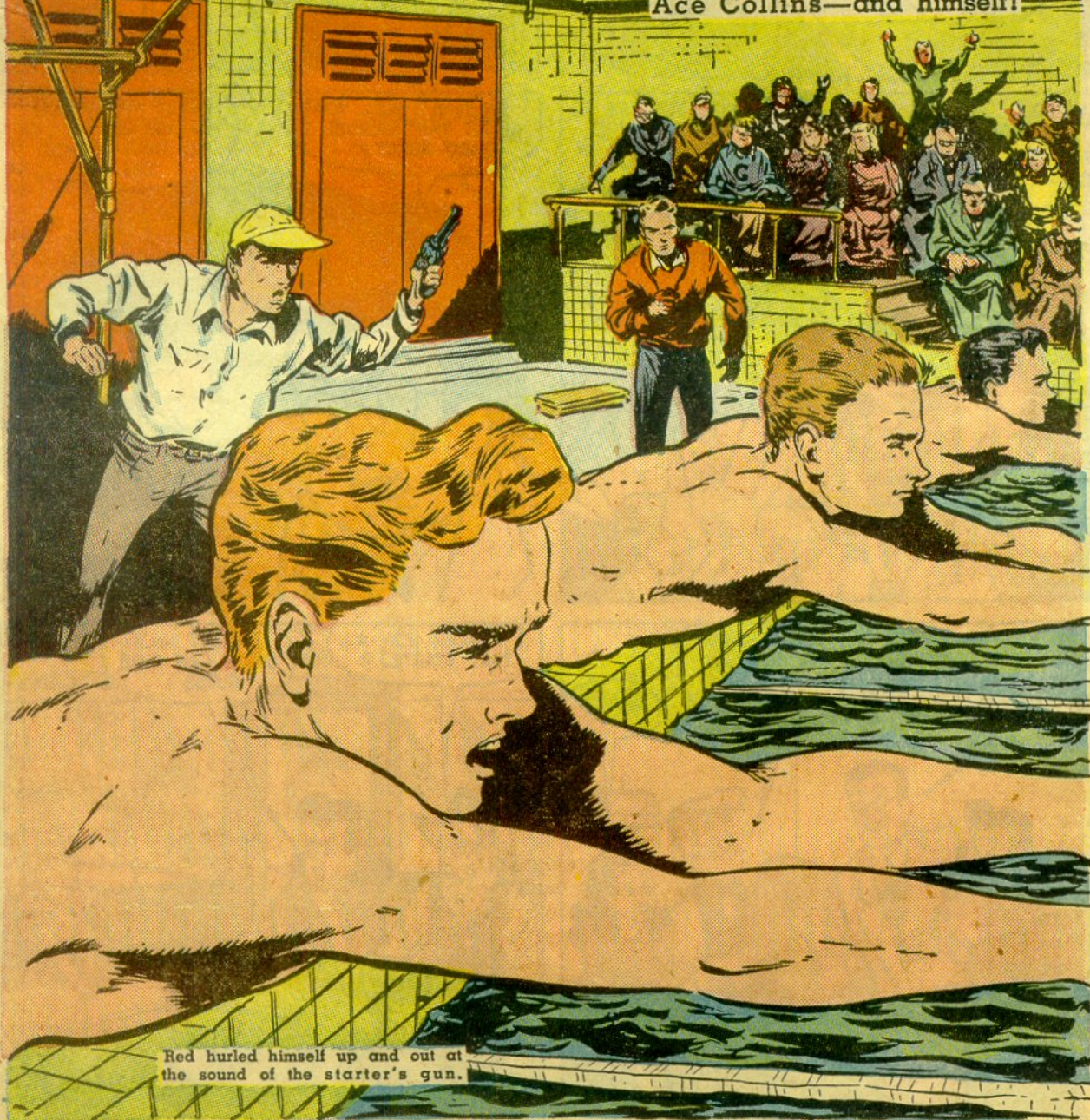




SMALL-TIME Champion

By LELAND SILLIMAN

Red Morgan knew he had to battle two opponents in the big Invitation Meet—speedy Ace Collins—and himself!



Red hurred himself up and out at the sound of the starter's gun.

THE space that separated Red Morgan from the rest of the Granville Prep swimming team was almost too slight to be noticed. A casual glance would have left the impression that Red was perfectly calm as he awaited the call for his event—and would have missed altogether the heightened color in his cheeks.

At the other end of the long bench Captain Tom Crowell, freestyle specialist, abruptly turned to the little dark-haired diver beside him.

"First place in the medley race will give us the meet, sure as shooting," Tom said in an intensely serious voice. "Is Red going to make the grade this time?"

"Sure he is," Stubby Baker, the diver, replied stoutly. "I'd back Red with my last penny. He wants to beat Ace Collins—and Terrace Prep—more than any of us. You can bet that Old Red hasn't forgotten how Ace beat him twice last year."

"I haven't forgotten, either," Tom said gloomily, and checked his running score sheet again in hopes that Granville was doing better than he had figured.

The tile deck between the benches and the swimming pool swarmed with noise and motion, as Clem Rider, the Granville coach, paced constantly and bit his under lip each time a new group of contestants flung themselves into a race.

Once Coach Rider paused in front of Red Morgan's hunched figure long enough to plead, "Let's take the medley, Red."

A sudden tightness hit Red's midsection, and a knot of muscle at either side of his firm jaw pushed against his cupped palms. He gritted toward Clem Rider's retreating form, "Coach, I'll knock Ace off or drown trying."

The loudspeakers broke in on Red's thoughts. "All entrants in the one hundred fifty yard medley report to the clerk!"

Red tossed off his robe, unwound the towel that looped his neck. He nodded grim-lipped as Coach Rider clapped him on the shoulder with a final, "Don't forget, Red, you've turned in better time all season than Ace Collins."

Red thought savagely as he faced his lane, "So did I turn in

better times than Ace last year—in the easy meets." He shook himself mentally; it was bad to dwell on the idea of another defeat. Particularly this time, above all others because Bill Muldrow, famous coach of the great Central Tech swimming team, was here scouting the meet—and Muldrow had it in his power to offer Red a scholarship at Tech.

A sweeping backward glance brought one figure into Red's focus—Captain Tom Crowell, holding up crossed fingers in encouragement—dependable old Tom, who would swim as fast against Terrace as he had against the set-ups. Nobody had ever whispered that Tom was a quitter. Red sucked in a deep breath and hid his feelings behind a wan smile. If he had not lost his stride at the very end of last season, he would surely be captain now instead of Crowell.

Cries of encouragement flicked out from the student rooters on the portable bleachers, mostly from Terrace throats and directed toward Ace Collins. The Granville section waited tensely, hoping against hope that Red Morgan would swim the way he had against little Stony Brae. But the knowledge of how their flash had been beaten last year when the heat was on restrained their cheers.

The starter ran his eyes over the sextet of athletes entered in the medley. Red Morgan, rangy-limbed and long-muscled, was definitely a standout, but the official knew about Red and his eyes narrowed thoughtfully in passing.

Waving his pistol toward the edge of the pool, the starter called soothingly: "Two lengths of breaststroke, two lengths backstroke, two lengths freestyle. The finish is at this end . . . Take your marks . . ."

Red curled his toes over the gleaming tile and chanced a quick look to his right. Ace Collins, still boasting some of last summer's tan, crouched in the next lane looking huskier than ever. He must have put on twenty pounds of brawn since last winter.

"Good luck!" Ace threw at Red with a cocky grin.

The remark added drive to Red's long legs as the gun cracked.

Swimming breaststroke, the six

boys sped to the end of the pool. Red Morgan, hitting the two-handed turn just right, shot off the wall into an increasing lead and finished the first fifty yards two lengths ahead of Ace Collins. It was sensational swimming if he could keep it up. Among the visitors Bill Muldrow, the Central Tech coach, eyed his stop watch closely.

Now Red was slipping along in the backstroke. He was breathing easily, a world of reserve power in his muscles. This was the way he had gone in the early meets. A tide of triumph swept over him; the jinx was broken!

But Ace was beginning to put on the pressure and Red saw his lead slowly lessen. Stubbornly the redhead stepped up the rhythm of his stroke until he began to feel a tightness inside him. That was the way it had hit him last year—not in the wind nor in his muscles, but in the region of his stomach. For a second despair stabbed at Red, but it was only temporary, and away he tore in the freestyle.

Last turn! Red touched and spun with less than half a length lead. It was the home stretch and he poured it on, but the weight in his stomach had increased. His arms and legs responded heavily. The surge of power that had made his final kick a thing of beauty in early season had melted into lead. But he buried his face in the water and pounded on to the finish with all he had.

Hopefully Red searched the face of the finish judge who leaned over to take his name, but the screaming was all for Ace Collins, and Red did not have to ask.

"Too bad," Clem Rider told him worriedly, "we could have used the points." The coach's hair hung moist against his forehead, and he moved away looking more distressed than ever.

Stubby Baker grinned sympathetically as he stepped to the diving board for his event. But there were no other signs of understanding for Red, who sank into a corner and watched the meet hurry on to its end.

It was a dejected swimming team that trailed Coach Rider into the dressing room a half hour later. "Next week," the perspiring coach stated, "we swim in the Annual Invitation Meet, which as you

know will be held in our pool. If we win that one, we can write off today's defeat; if not—well—"

The team knew what he meant. Permanent possession of the big silver cup hung in the balance. Terrace and Granville each had two legs on the trophy from previous years. If Terrace won the Invitation Meet this year, it was theirs for keeps—and no other team in the meet could throw in enough power to stop them except Granville.

Red stumbled out of the dressing room ahead of everyone else, tightening his necktie as he went and stuffing its folds under his overcoat. A hush settled over his team mates at his departure so that his gruff, "So long, gang," seemed to echo mockingly from the far wall.

There was no question about what they were thinking. Red Morgan just wasn't a clutch swimmer. A champion against weak competition, he had folded for the third time when the chips were down. Red realized this as he strode out into the cold. Next week he would swim in the Invitation Meet—Granville needed every point they could scrape up, and Red was still their best medley man. Following the meet he would attend the meeting to vote for next year's captain. Then he would turn in his tank suit—for keeps . . . Yes, he would stick it out to the bitter end of the season.

When he reached the room that he shared with Stubby Baker, Red moved restlessly about for a time. Then he lifted his scrapbook from a dresser drawer and laid it on his bed. As he leafed through the pages, he re-lived his career at Granville. At first the clippings were pasted neatly on the pages: *Red-headed Phenom Stars for Granville*; *Torchy Morgan Blazes Bright Trail to Victory*; *Torchy Morgan Paces Granville Natators to One-sided Win*.

The corners of Red's mouth twitched a little. He had been "Torchy" Morgan all last season—up until the dual meet with Terrace and then the Invitation Meet, when Ace Collins had taken him twice in comparatively slow time.

The rest of the clippings lay loose between the pages of the scrapbook. Red glanced at every one, even the blast from the sports editor of the Granville Grampus headed: *"Morgan Reveals Himself Small-Time Champion."*

It was bitter medicine. Red had hitchhiked out of the New England hills to flare into prep school fame. Now, he reflected, it would have been far better if his Dad had not turned his woodlot into enough money to send his son to Granville. With no chance for an athletic scholarship after today's defeat, the idea of going to college was out too.

The sound of Stubby Baker's footsteps in the hall made Red cram the scrapbook into the drawer before the door opened.

Stubby said, "It sure was tough, the way you lost, Red. It looked as though you had Ace licked today until—until the freestyle lap. I still can't understand why you slow down in the big meets."

"Not enough courage?" Red managed.

Stubby glared at his room mate. "Anybody that says you haven't got more than you need will have

to fight me—you included."

Red went on gloomily, "I tried cutting out meat and my time began to get worse. Working on weights only tightened up my arms. Coach Rider admits he's stumped. What else can I do?"

Stubby was frankly puzzled. "I don't know."

The two boys tried to settle themselves over their chemistry books until supper time. But the symbols and characters under Red's eyes had a maddening way of arranging themselves into a huge silver cup, and then Ace Collins' face would poke through the printed page with a cocky, "Good luck!"

Red irritably exchanged the chem book for biology; he wasn't going to lose his athletic eligibility through poor scholarship. So absorbed did he become this time that Stubby interrupted with a chuckle:

"What have you got there, a detective story?"

Red answered briefly, "Better than that."

As Red's eyes turned back to the book, Stubby thought that he detected a sparkle that had not been there before.

Following dinner Red returned directly to his room and the same text book. Here Stubby found him when the little diver came bounding up the stairs three at a time to deliver a message.

"Bill Muldrow wants to see you right away," Stubby cried excitedly. "He is over in the lounge at the Students' Building."

Red threw the book at his desk and grabbed his overcoat.

"Bon voyage!" Stubby called after him.

By the front door Red stopped from force of habit and swiftly checked his mailbox. There was a letter for him from home. He smiled fleetingly at the square envelope, as thick and comforting in his grasp as a slice of Ma's home made bread. Then he stuffed it into his overcoat pocket and dashed outside.

As soon as Red entered the Students' Building he spotted Muldrow. The coach was talking earnestly to Ace Collins, but he paused and motioned to Red to wait.

Sinking into a chair Red ripped open the end of his letter. For a short while he was living on the farm again, cutting fence posts and feeding the stock. Suddenly he stiffened. Suffering cats! Dad and Ma were planning to attend the Invitation Meet. They were responding to an invitation Red had offered the year before when he was still the wonder of the Granville tankmen. Somehow he had never been able to mention his fall from glory, and now they

were coming, full of pride in their only son!

A man's voice sounded alongside. "Red, I am Coach Muldrow from Central Tech."

Red jumped to his feet and blurted, "Yes, I know, sir."

Muldrow talked easily, but there was decision in his manner.

"Red, I make it my business to follow prep school swimming pretty closely, and I know your record. No use beating around the bush, son. If you could only rise to the occasion and swim a little better than usual under pressure, I would offer you a scholarship at Tech—that is, if you are interested."



Red gulped, "I *am* interested, sir." He failed to add that he would never realize his dream of going to Tech without such help as Muldrow could give him.

Coach Muldrow drew a printed paper from an inside pocket and handed it to Red.

"That is an application to enter Central Tech," Muldrow stated. "I know that you have another year of prep school, but Tech is so crowded that I have to line up my material early. Red, a champion always has an extra notch to let out when he needs to—and I want champions on my teams. If you beat Ace Collins in the Invitation Meet this year, fill out the application and let me have it at once."

Red flushed. "Do you think I am a quitter, sir?"

Muldrow smiled and turned up his palms. "I didn't say that."

"I was just studying something in a text book that gave me an idea." Red began slowly. "How the sympathetic nervous system affects digestion."

"You always eat lightly before a meet, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, but I think my trouble may go back farther when a big meet is coming off—maybe all the way back to supper the night before. I know it's foolish, but I get thinking about an important race until I feel all tied up inside."

Muldrow looked skeptical. "Maybe all you need is to forget the other fellow and put a little more *oomph* into your own race."

Red went on stubbornly, "The trouble always starts in my stomach. Couldn't it be my digestion going on strike?"

"I never heard of it," Muldrow said shortly, "unless you eat too much before you swim." As he left he reminded Red, "Let me have that application right away—if you beat Ace."

Coach Clem Rider worked his team hard for the next five days. No flaw in start, stroke or turn was too slight to engage his attention. In the evenings Stubby Baker would complain to Red that he was getting fallen arches from pounding the springboard. Red would stare back under heavy lids and ask how many dives would equal sixty laps of medley. But there was no word of complaint during practices. Every man on the team had set his heart on winning that last leg on the Invitation trophy, and Rider did not have to crack the whip to make the team slave. The hardest worker and speediest swimmer during the week by all odds was Red Morgan. However, there was nothing unusual in this and it did not serve to raise the hopes of his team mates for a win in the medley department.

The day before the meet Clem Rider gave his men only a light drill and insisted they get plenty of rest. After their hard workouts, the brief layoff worked wonders for the squad. That night at the dinner table, Stubby kidded Red about his feeble appetite, but Red merely shook his head and said he wasn't hungry.

Visiting teams and rooters began streaming into the Granville campus in buses and cars an hour before the meet. Red Morgan watched the sleek cars roll past while he sat on the stone wall outside the school and waited for the family rattletrap. Dad and Ma were going to stay overnight at the local hotel and return home the next day. Red reflected uneasily that it was going to be a strain to entertain them, and every minute that their arrival was delayed was so much to the good.

When the familiar gray sedan finally arrived and Red had greeted his parents, there was hardly a parking spot left on the Granville campus.

"Two blowouts on the way down," Dad remarked by way of explaining his tardy arrival. His concern over their slow time prevented him from noticing any nervousness in his son's manner.

Mrs. Morgan, red-haired but placid, was more observing. "Son, you look a mite peaked. Is it too much

studying or swimming that's been bothering you?"

Red turned the conversation hurriedly and steered them through a side door that led to the swimming pool bleachers.

"See you later," Red said after they had found seats. "I have to go change." Out of the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of coach Bill Muldrow, and his heart thumped.

Running to the dressing room, Red hoped fervently that Dad and Ma would hear none of the critical remarks that would surely be spoken about him.

Only Stubby Baker lingered in the locker room when Red arrived. The others were already at the pool. Red was glad to have Stubby's company as they stepped out into the reflection of the white tile. It would look to Dad and Ma as though he were still one of the gang.

At the first opportunity Red plunged into a vacant lane and loosened his rangy limbs. If he had not experienced three defeats already in his two seasons with Granville, he would have believed himself unbeatable today. Power flowed through his body like an inexhaustible electric current. He was eager to take another crack at Ace Collins, but fearful that his diagnosis was wrong. After all, the great Bill Muldrow had put no stock in the idea, and he knew swimming from A to Z.

When he left the water, Red waved to Ma and Dad and bundled up in his towel and robe. Quietly he slipped over to the end of the bench where he forced himself to appear at ease. But in his mind he was squarely facing the fact that this figured to be his last race for Granville.

The Invitation Meet had color. The presence of students from a number of schools all at one time always led to a rivalry in cheers, banners, songs, and quips far greater than any dual meet. The Davidson contingent had even brought cow bells to raise a din for their team. And the air vibrated with noise and shouts from the students.

Red's spirits responded to the excitement about him enough so that he began wondering who would be elected captain of the Granville team. He hoped it would be Stubby. Anyhow he would soon know, for according to tradition, the election directly followed the Invitation Meet.

The officials suddenly fanned out to their assignments, and the call came over the loudspeakers for the first race.

Once more the area in front of Red Morgan sprang into action. Before the first race was well under way, Coach Rider had begun the endless pacing that meant his boys were facing tough competition.

Red followed the progress of the meet anxiously, hoping that Granville would clinch the contest without needing a victory in the medley. But as race followed race it became painfully clear that the pattern of scoring was matching last year's, point by point. A win for Granville in the medley would mean a 2-point edge for them over Terrace; second place would mean losing the meet—and the cup.

The voices in the bleachers were reaching a hysterical pitch by the time the medley was announced. Rabid fans in both the Terrace and Granville sections were imploring their athletes to do the impossible.

"At least," Red thought grimly as he stepped forward, "this racket will keep Ma and Dad from hearing any cracks about me." Gratefully he heard the Granville fans in their desperation screaming to him for a win in the medley.

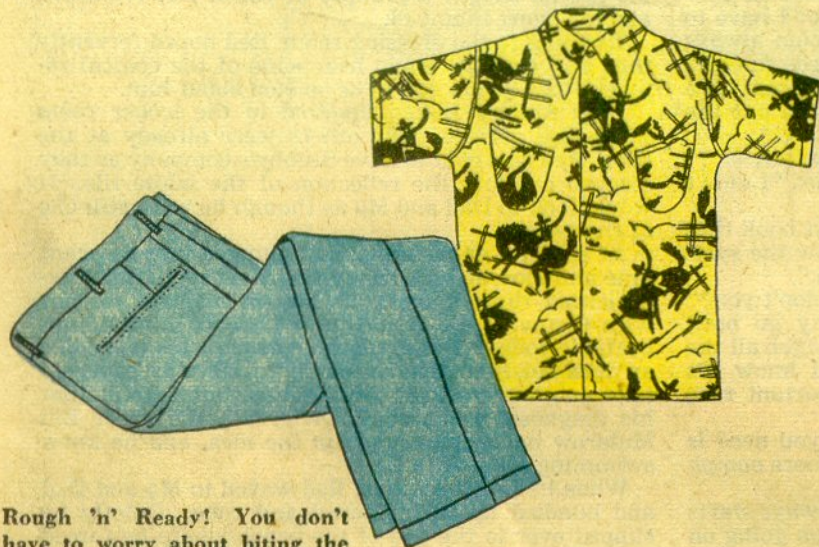
Red felt a slap on his shoulder, heard Coach Rider's agonized voice in his ear, "Let's take this one, Red, just this one."

Now, as Red's toes were bending around the curved tile, he glanced to the left.

(Continued on page 49)

SHARP IN THE SHOPS

By LEN ROTHGERBER



Rough 'n' Ready! You don't have to worry about biting the dust . . . this Prep Ranger by McGREGOR is washable. Solid color slacks, cream color shirt with a rip-roaring rodeo print. Green, blue, and tan colors in sizes 8 to 20, about \$9.50. You can get the Prep Ranger at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Titcher-Goettinger, Dallas, Texas.



Cool Comfort! Show off your biceps in this Fashion Knit T-shirt. It's a cool, cream color, dishrag knit with two-color stripes and a bright colored band at the crew neck. S-M-L. About \$2.00. Stores that carry it are E. Edwards & Son, Syracuse, New York, and Baer Bros. & Brodie, 3959 West Madison, Chicago, Illinois.



You'll swim safer and better in a pair of FLOAT-EES. The Vinyl-Resin pontoons fit into a secret inside pocket and can't be detected till they're blown up. One lung blast into a long tube and they inflate for an indefinite period. They come in solid color or Atoll printed poplin, in various colors, from sizes 6 to 16. \$6.50. Roos Bros., San Francisco, Cal.; The Hub, Chicago, Ill.

QUIZZING all BOYS



By PROFESSOR QUIZ

TEST yourself on these questions from the pages of American history! You should be able to get at least four of them right.

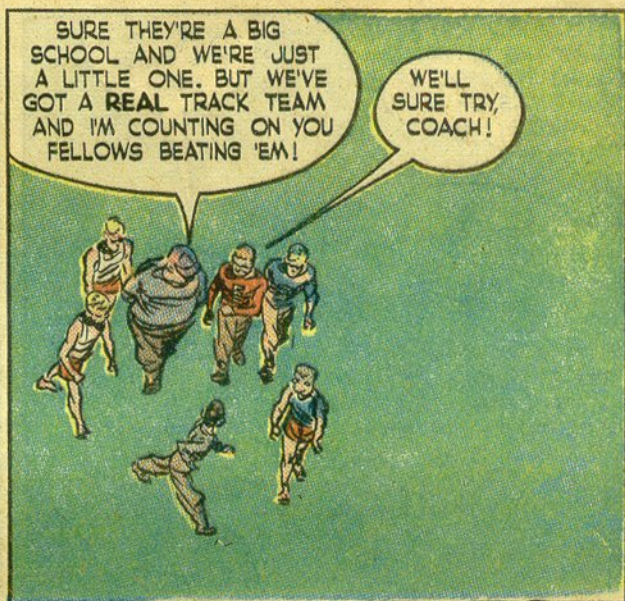
- The first American to visit Japan was:
 - (a) John Paul Jones
 - (b) Commodore Perry
 - (c) Admiral Byrd
- "Old Hickory" was the nickname of:
 - (a) Stonewall Jackson
 - (b) Andrew Johnson
 - (c) Andrew Jackson
- Tom Thumb was:
 - (a) A great Indian fighter
 - (b) Inventor of the Steamboat
 - (c) A P. T. Barnum circus freak
- In addition to being a famed patriot, Paul Revere was also:
 - (a) Secretary of State
 - (b) outlaw
 - (c) silversmith
- "Go West, young man," was said by:
 - (a) Daniel Webster
 - (b) Horace Greeley
 - (c) Benjamin Franklin
- Sutter's Fort was the scene of:
 - (a) the discovery of gold in California
 - (b) the first battle of the Civil War
 - (c) the death of Alexander Hamilton.

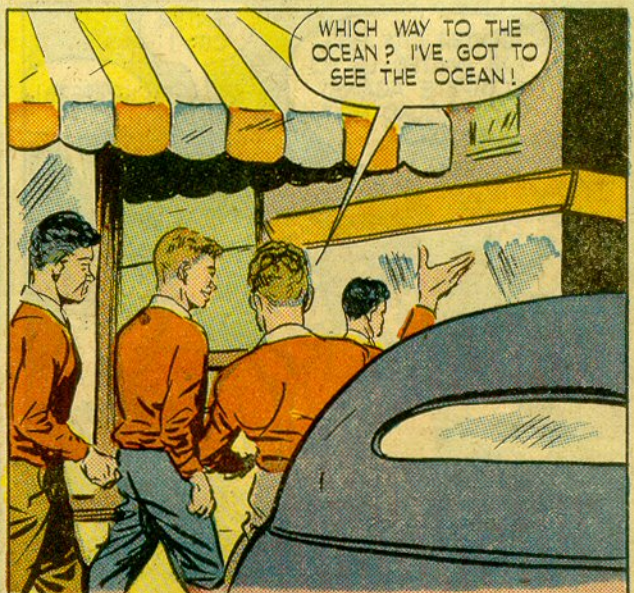
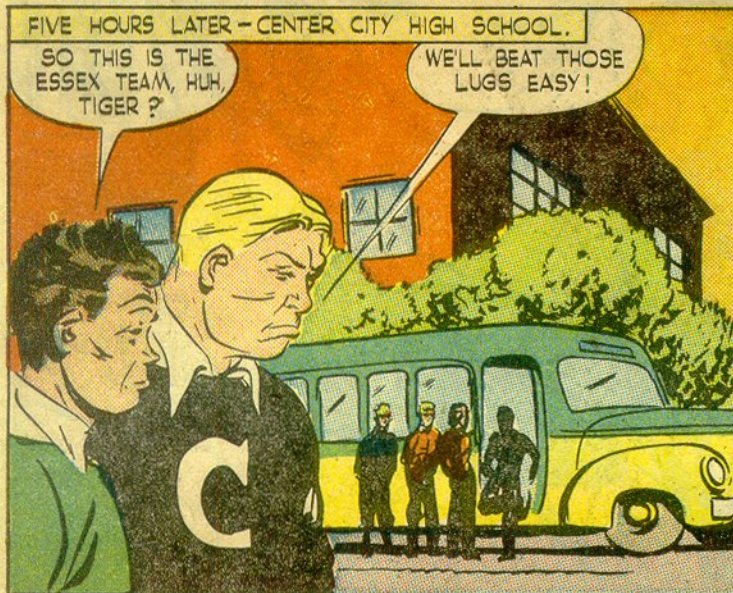
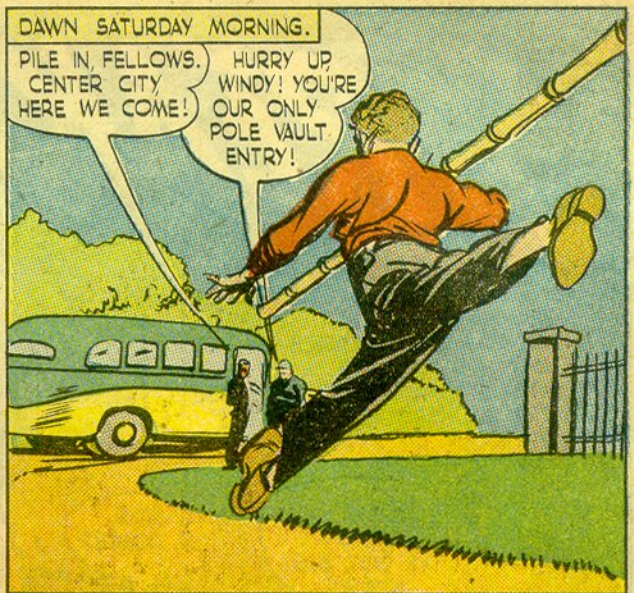
(Solution on Page 50)

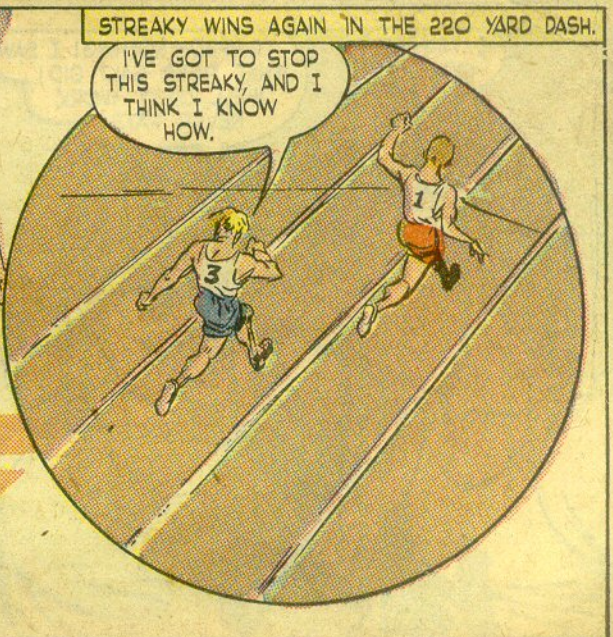
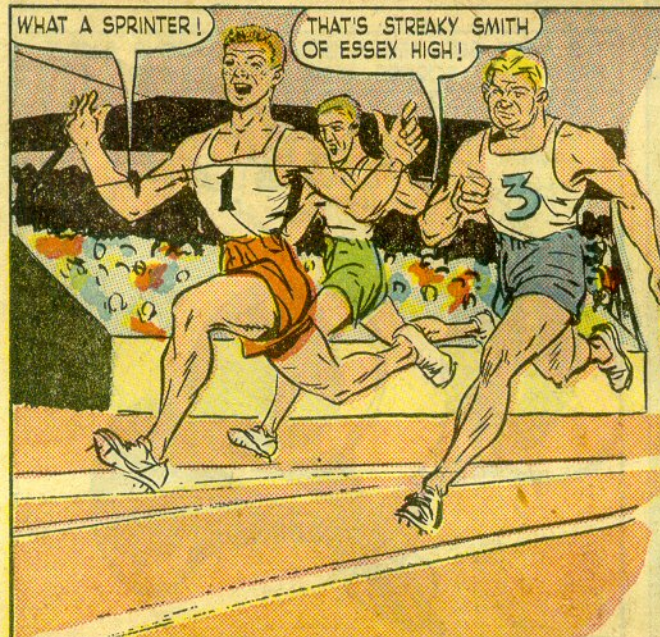
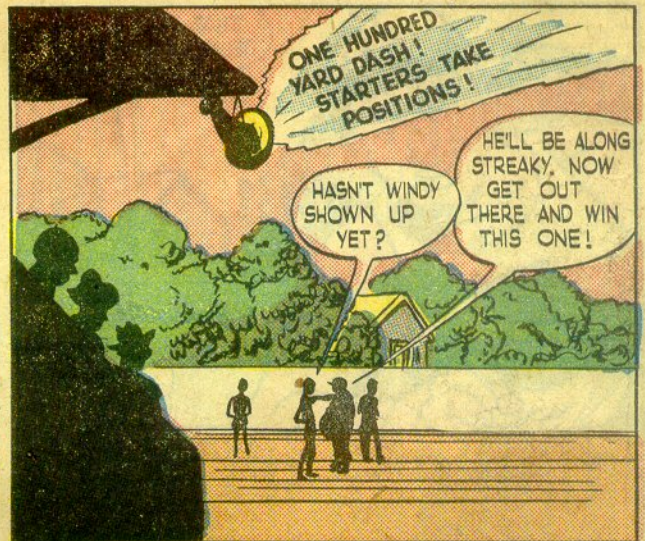
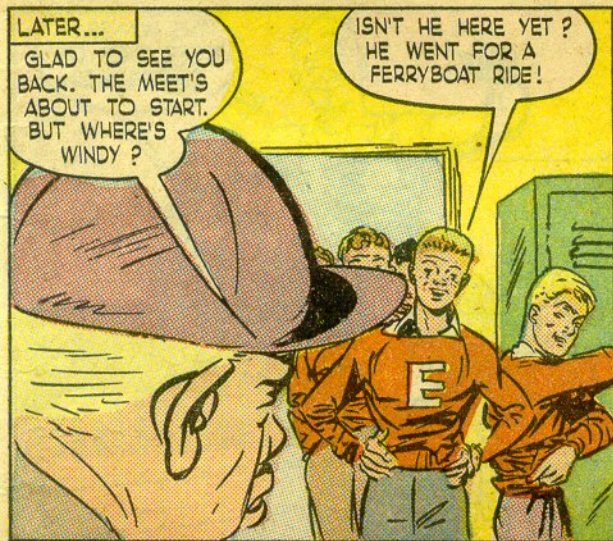
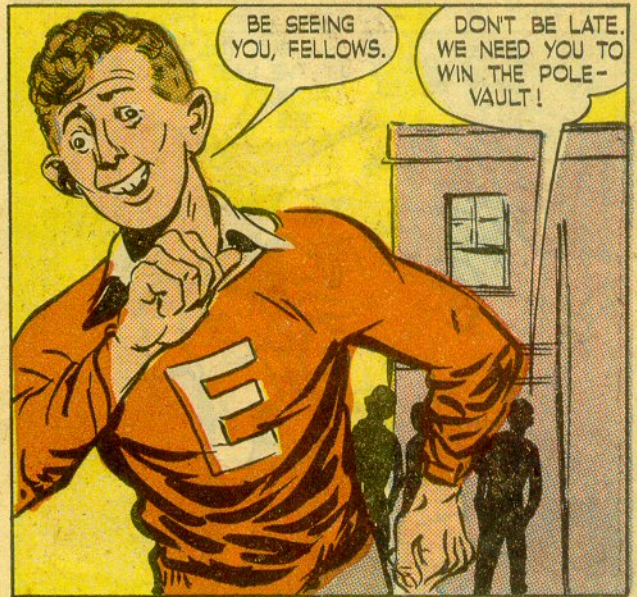
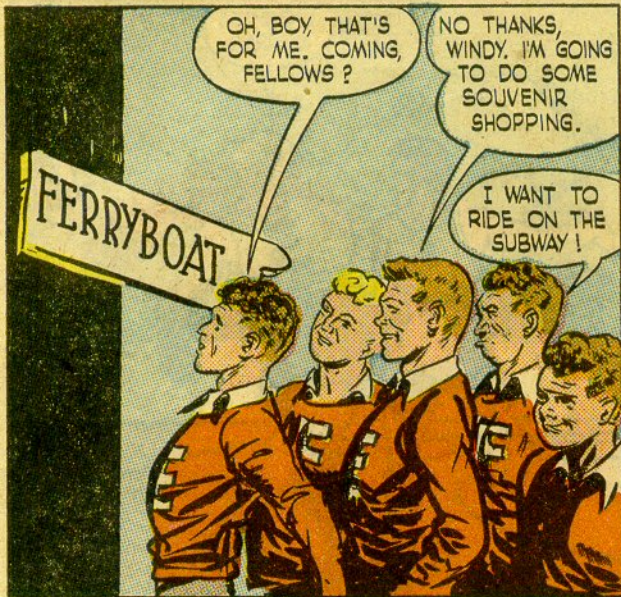
STREAKY SMITH

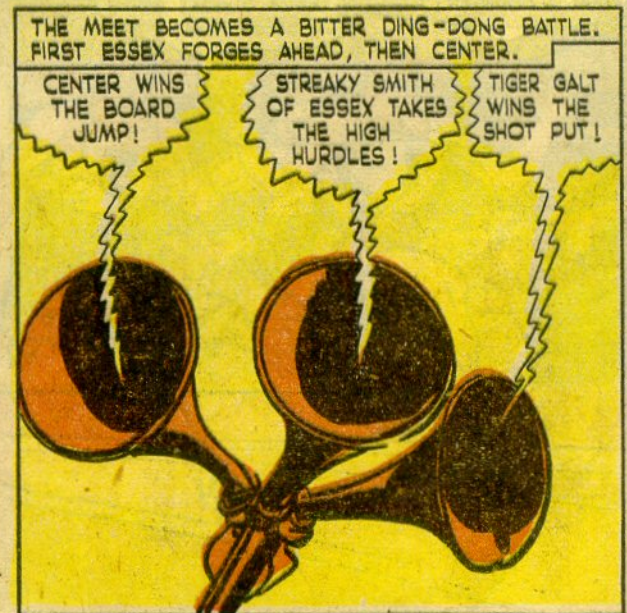
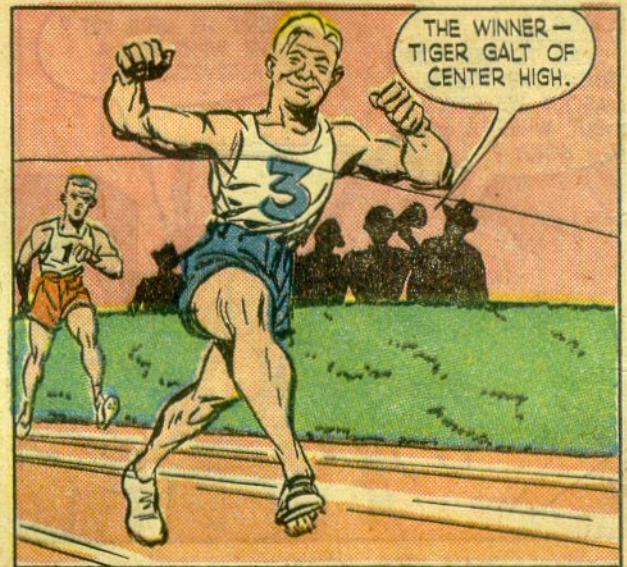
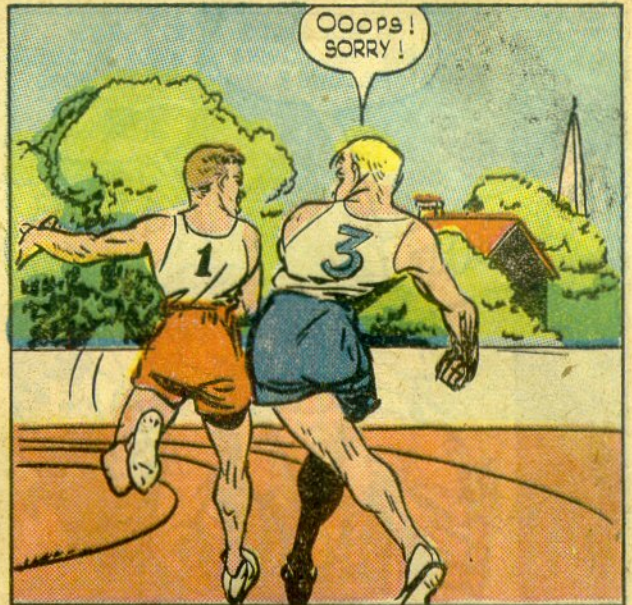
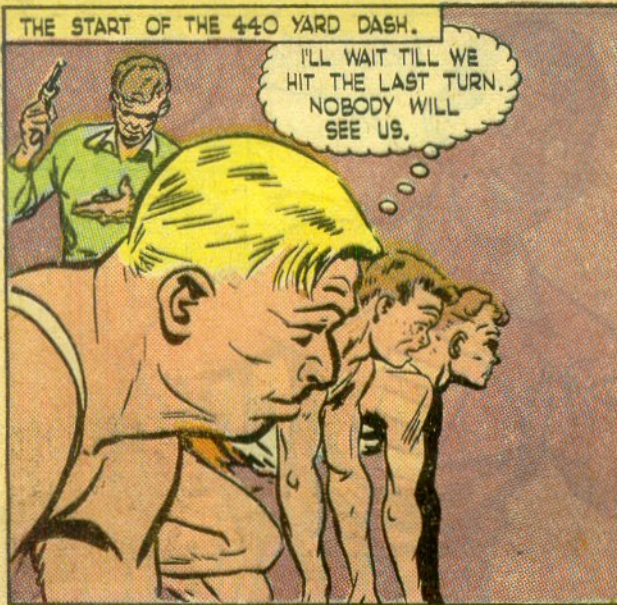
OF ESSEX HIGH

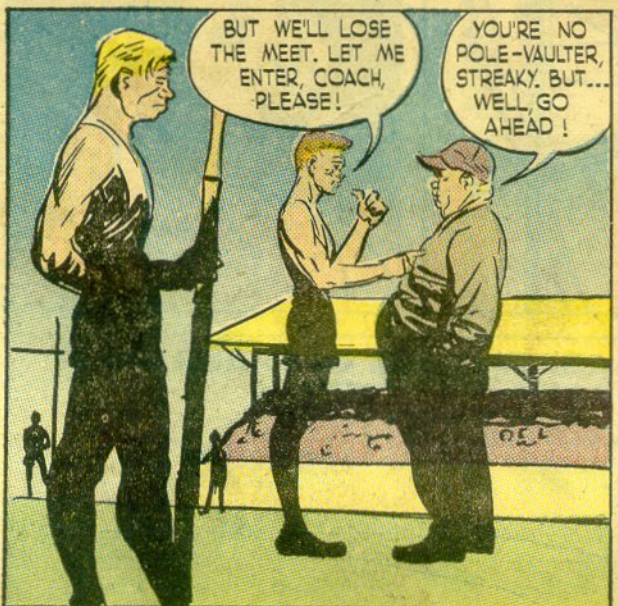
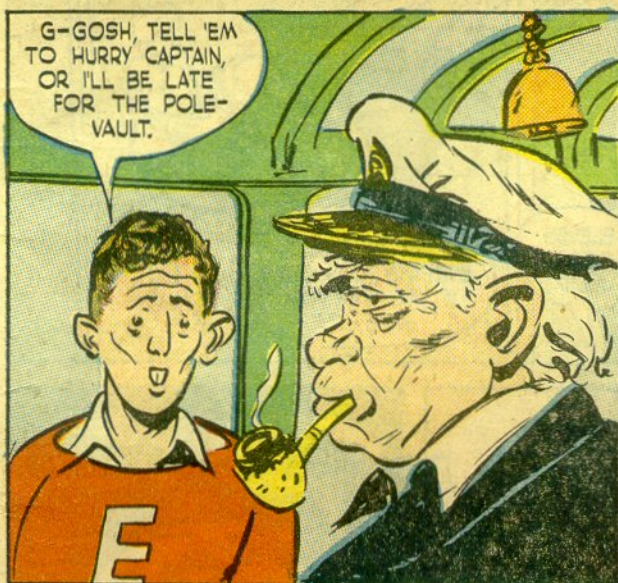
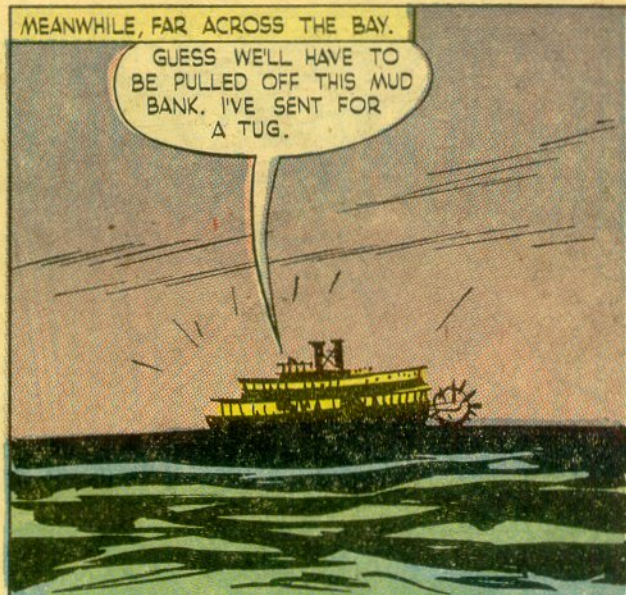
YOU NAME THE SPORT—BASEBALL OR BASKETBALL, TENNIS OR TRACK—AND HE'S A CHAMP IN IT. WHO? WHY, STREAKY SMITH, OF COURSE, THE ALL-AROUND SPORTS STANDOUT OF ESSEX HIGH!

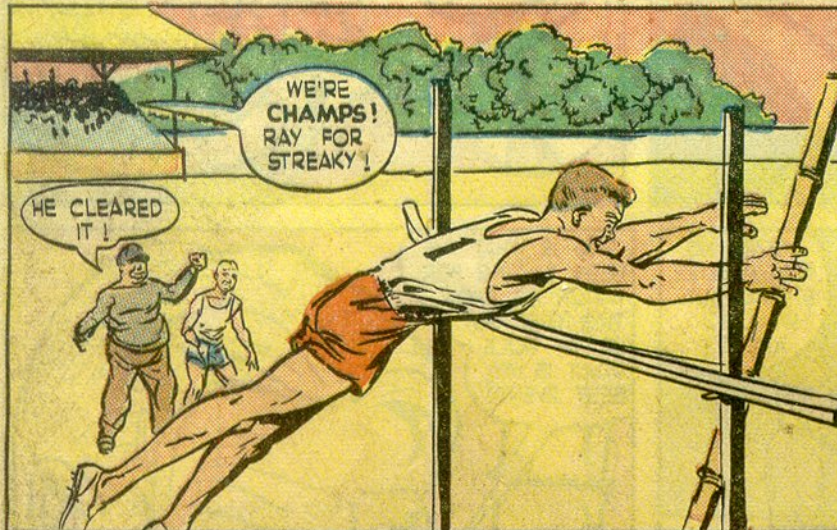
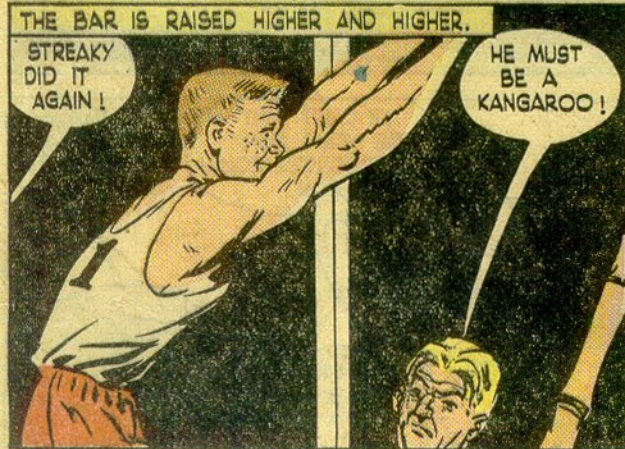












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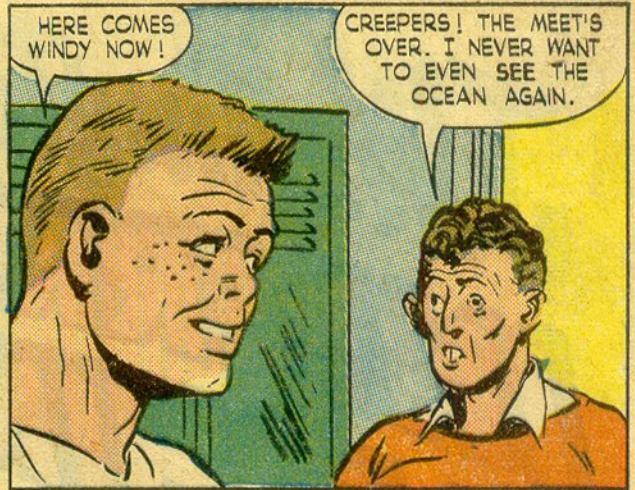
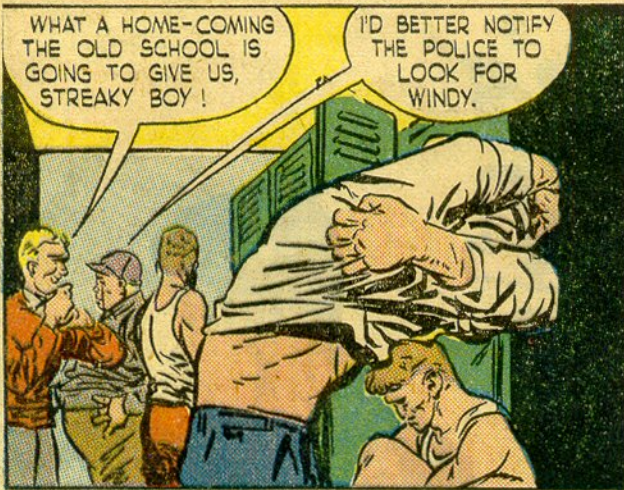
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J. Wellington's INFERNAL MACHINE

By CHARLES COOMBS

J. Wellington Hooper was the most unpopular fellow in Oakmont—until he invented an atom-mending machine! Then the neutrons and protons began to pop



J. WELLINGTON HOOPER was sitting out on the back stoop looking lower than a monkey's forehead.

"Hey," I said, "cheer up, guy. Looking at you, anybody'd think the world was coming to an end."

J. Wellington raised his red-tufted head and peered at me through his heavy horn-rimmed glasses.

"Don't be too sure it isn't, Chester," he said. Since J. Wellington Hooper isn't the kind of guy who just makes small talk, I swallowed hard. I even ignored the fact that he had called me Chester, which under ordinary circumstances would have brought him no less than a challenge to a duel.

Now, if J. Wellington dropped a remark like that to any of the other fellows, they would have

nodded patiently, slipped each other a wink and walked away unconcerned—leaving him standing alone as usual.

I had seen it happen many times. Like Bret Parker said one day, "J. Wellington is about as exciting as a wet firecracker."

Being a neighbor of J. Wellington's, I felt a certain moral obligation towards him.

"Look, J. Wellington," I said, "you're not miffed just because none of the fellows showed up for your birthday party yesterday, are you?" I tried to make it sound casual. Being the only one who had shown up, there had been plenty of opportunity to observe the inner workings of a guy who suddenly realizes that he's strictly a square in the social circle of Oakmont. "After all," I contin-

ued, "it did look kinda like rain, and—well, if I didn't live just next door, I probably wouldn't have shown up myself." I began to get a little uncomfortable under his steady stare.

"Thanks, Chester," he said, "but no one has to hit me over the head."

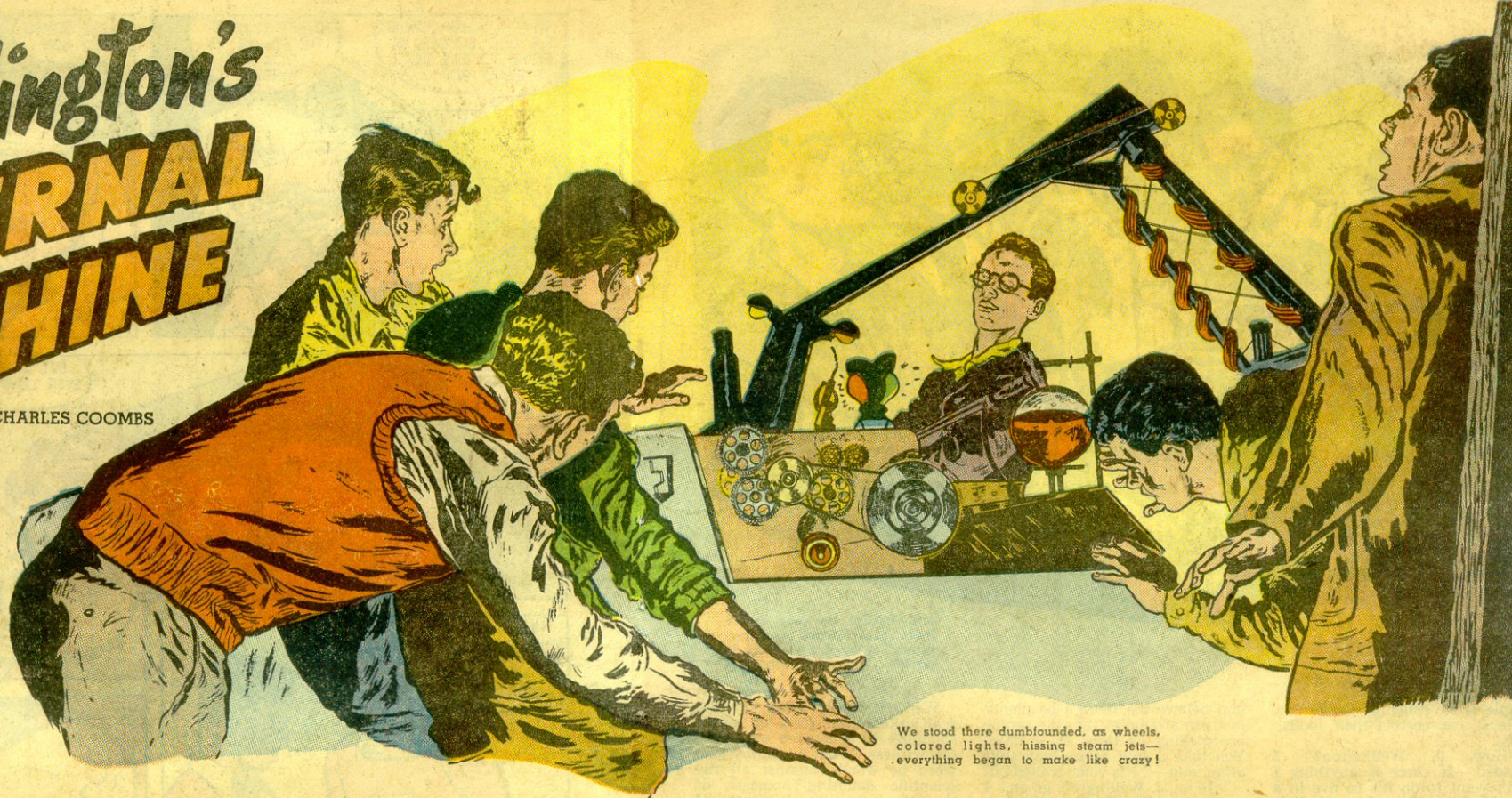
"Please, J. Wellington," I implored, "Chet, not Chester. Please! Well, then, if it isn't the way the guys have been acting, what is it? You feelin' low because someone beat you to splittin' an atom or something?"

It was a gentle but deliberate feeler. I had hopes that it would pave the way to talking about what transpired in the lean-to shack of his out behind the garage. For a long time I had been curious about that shack and the

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mysterious experiments in chemistry and physics that I knew took place behind its closed door. But no matter how much I hinted around he'd never invite me inside. Oh, I had rough ideas, all right. I had noticed broken beakers and test tubes in the Hooper waste barrel. I had seen scientific magazines around his house too. And J. Wellington was the only "A" student in Chemistry 11-B at school.

The response was encouraging. His entire beanpole frame seemed to grow rigid. It was a few seconds before he spoke.

"Chester," he said, "you are psychic. I can see that there is little use trying to hide anything from you."

Well, I began to feel like a truly remarkable person. "Aw, J.

Wellington, it really isn't anything at all. I—I just—"

"Chester," J. Wellington leaned toward me and lowered his voice, "did you ever happen to think what horrible thing is taking place on this earth?"

"No doubt you are referring to the scarcity of bubble gum. Why, do you know—"

"No, no, Chester, not bubble gum. Atoms! Split atoms." By now his eyes sparkled like crumpled cellophane. "Do you realize what it's going to mean to humanity to have everyone going around splitting atoms the way they're doing these days?"

"Why, er—no, J. Wellington, I'm afraid I haven't gone into it very thoroughly." I began sidling away from the back stoop. Not that I figured particularly that J.

Wellington was likely to become violent at any particular moment—but, well, a guy has to take certain precautions around those scientific guys.

"I'll tell you, then, Chester," he went on, "One of these days we'll wake up to the fact that everybody and his uncle has gone to splitting atoms."

"Is that bad?"

"Bad! Why, has it ever occurred to you what it would be like to live in a world of split atoms?"

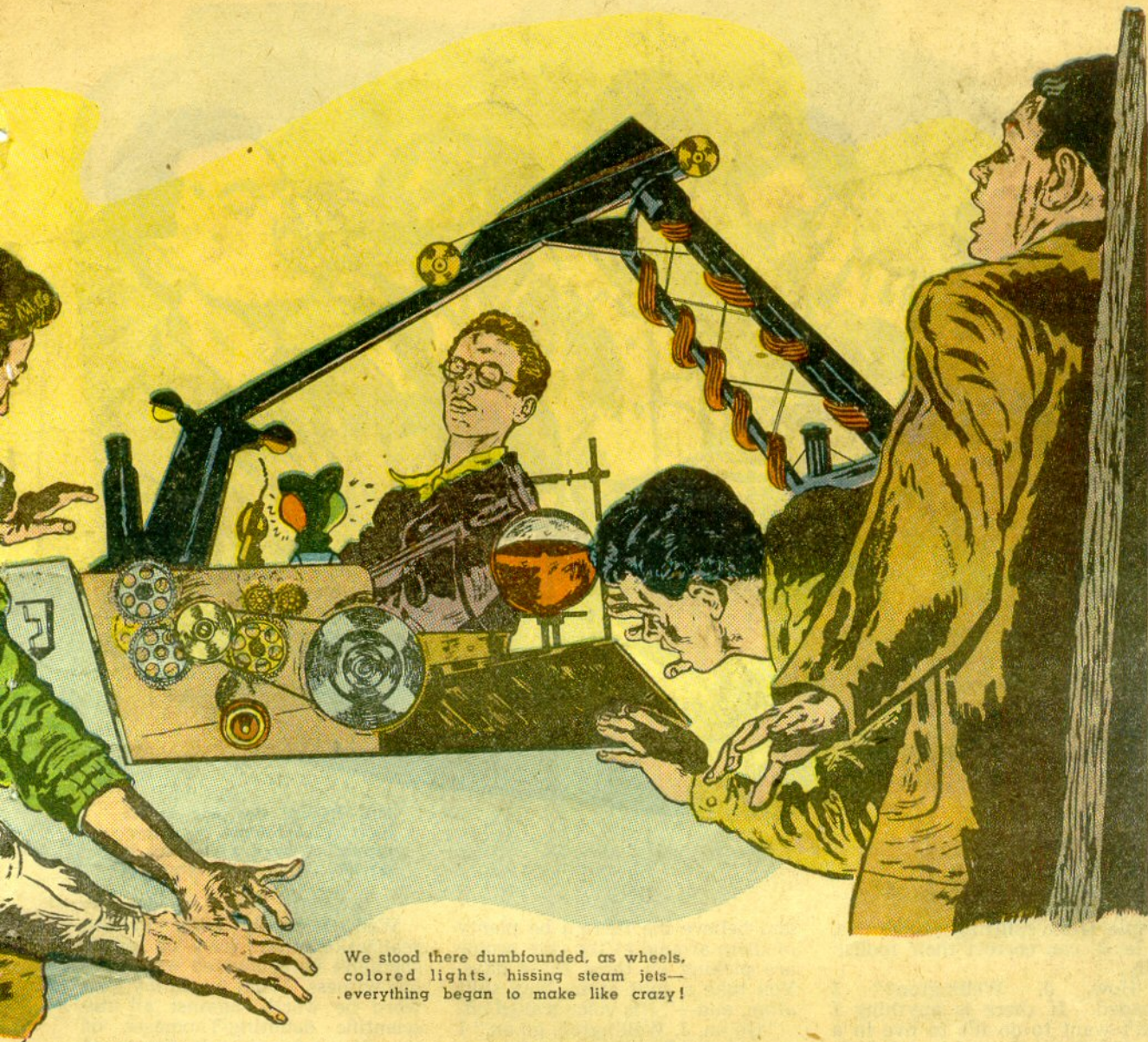
"No bubble gum?"

"No bubble gum? Chester! No nothing!"

I mopped the sweat from my forehead. I wasn't feeling so chipper. I plopped down on the stoop.

"J. Wellington," I said, "what can we do?"

"Well, Chester, if we can't stop



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people from splitting atoms, we, at least, can correct their foolish folly."

"How, J. Wellington?" I pleaded. If there is anything I don't want to do it's to live in a world where there is no bubble gum—or nothin'. "How?"

J. Wellington beckoned me close. "Chester," he said, and I didn't even mind being called Chester now. There were bigger things to worry about now—like atoms—split atoms. "Chester, just between you and me, I think I have the solution."

"J. Wellington!" I said. "How?"

"Hooper's Handy Household Atom Mender," he said. There wasn't the trace of a smile on his face. And I realized that mine had been the first human ears to receive the world-shattering announcement.

"No! J. Wellington," I said incredulously, "you don't really mean—"

"Yes!" he said with finality.

"How does it work?"

"Well, Chester, anyone can do You just take a split atom—

and believe me there'll be plenty of them around at the rate people are picking on them these days. You take a split atom—any split atom, and—" His voice trailed off.

"Go on, J. Wellington, go on," I prompted. "You take a split atom and—"

"There's no need of me trying to explain it," he said. "Tell you what. Tomorrow I intend to mend my first atom. Have a few minor adjustments to make on the 'apparatus. Now, if you happen to be around here about noon tomorrow, I don't see any particular reason why you can't watch me mend the first split atom in history."

"Gee!"

I hardly remember jumping the hedge between my house and J. Wellington's—which was the standard method of going to and fro. All I know is that I found myself all broken out in a sweat. Mending a split atom! How about that! And didn't I say that I had suspicioned stupendous things going on out behind the Hooper garage. Now I knew the score!

Well, I finally came to the realization that such an event shouldn't be conducted with only one witness. What would my lone word be worth, against all the scientific doubting-Thomases of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Manhattan Project or the University of California?

After all, you can't just go hold up an atom and say, "A little while ago this was a split atom. Now, as you can see, it has been mended as good as new again." You can't say that, because a sharp scientist might point out the cracked places and say, "You call that mended?" Then where would you be?

No, there must be another witness. Inasmuch as J. Wellington hadn't really made it definite that I should keep the deal in strict confidence, I felt it my scholarly duty to have another witness to back me up.

At first Bret Parker just laughed. But by the time he hung up, I had convinced him. He still laughed, but I knew he'd be there

just the same. Bret never missed a chance to needle J. Wellington.

The next day, Saturday, was about as nice atom-mending weather as anyone could hope for. It was just noon when I did a beautiful western roll over the hedge—and landed right in the middle of half dozen of the fellows loitering on the Hooper lawn.

"Hey," I said, "what goes?" This was indeed a strange sight. The whole gang at J. Wellington's house! Then I caught sight of Bret.

"So—o," I so-o'd, "you had to go and spill the beans. Now, J. Wellington will probably call the whole deal off. Of all the dumb—"

"But, I just told Red," Bret defended. "How'd I know he was going to tell Jay—and Jay tell Chubby—and—"

"Well, we might just as well break it up," I said. "When J. Wellington sees all you guys, he'll clam up, but def."

"Hey, where'd all you fellas come from?" J. Wellington suddenly appeared from around the side of the house.

"Look, J. Wellington," I started to apologize, "I'm afraid there's been kind of a misunderstanding. You see—"

But, by now, J. Wellington was counting noses. He shook his head, first sideways, then up and down. Everyone watched breathlessly. You could have heard a feather drop in a barrel of molasses.

"Twelve," J. Wellington muttered half to himself. "You know what? I think we can just about crowd twelve into my—er, lab. That is, if you guys all want to—"

"Sure, J. Wellington," we chorused. "Sure!"

J. Wellington shot me a kind of disapproving glance, but I could apologize later. Right now I was too anxious to witness the mending of split Atom No. 1 in the Hooper's Handy Household Atom Mender.

J. Wellington had the door closed behind us before any of us had a real chance to see his laboratory. Personally, I would just as soon have watched from the outside. That lab of J. Wellington's must have been a fugitive from a Frankenstein picture. Glass tubing galore; little gas jet flames; bubbling water; bottles; beakers; test tubes; rubber hoses—everything.

Suddenly the lights dimmed. Everyone pushed back against the wall. Some shot glances towards the nearest exit.

"J. Wellington," I said, "you probably don't need all of us just to mend a little ol' atom. I think I'll go on outside and—"

"Look, fellows," J. Wellington said, "let me assure you that there is absolutely no danger connected with this experiment—as far as I know. Now, if you'll just be calm and watch every move, I'll go on with the test."

No one moved.

"Chester," J. Wellington beckoned to me, "would you mind lending a hand here?"

"What's a hand if it's for science?" I said. Nobody laughed.

"Now, watch closely," J. Wellington said. He reached down behind the table where he stood and plugged a wire into a wall socket.

We stood dumbfounded, as wheels, colored light, steam jets—everything began to make like crazy. Someone gasped; another groaned. No one moved. The dancing lights played over J. Wellington, making him look like the arch-devil in the middle of a Fourth of July display.

Just about the time I thought the fellows would stampede for the door, the colored lights suddenly went out, the whirring dimmed and the infernal machine ground to a wheezing stop.

For the first time in almost a minute, twelve guys sucked in a deep breath—then sighed.

J. Wellington scowled at the apparatus a second. "Something's gone haywire," he announced. "I'm sure it's minor, though. If you care to wait around a minute, I think I can have it fixed up shortly."

Well, you can be sure that now, with the bright lights on again, and everyone still in one piece, no one was going to back out.

"But, J. Wellington," I started, "I think you accidentally—"

"Chester," he said quickly—too quickly, "would you go to the house and see if mother could make us a little lemonade or something to tide us over. It may take a little while to get this thing going again."

"But, J. Wellington," I insisted, "you just—"

"Better hurry, Chester," and he, J. Wellington Hooper, gave me an impatient shove. Strange actions, I might say.

His mother smiled and said she'd scrape up some kind of a snack. I went back to the lab and found the fellows crowding around close, as J. Wellington stood with his back to the wall talking. I had never seen such an interested expression on those guys' faces before.

And, why not? J. Wellington went from the subject of what happens to the hole in a doughnut when you eat the doughnut, where a candle flame goes when

you blow it out—all the way down to the fast and slow of jet propulsion. There was something about J. Wellington that made you realize that he wasn't talking through his hat.

Bret Parker shot me a glance and nodded approvingly. We were seeing J. Wellington in a different light now. We were finding that the guy had red blood, hot H₂SO₄, flowing in his veins.

Strangely enough, the real purpose of our visit gradually slipped our minds. Before we knew it, we had some real scientific arguments going. When they got too hot, J. Wellington would step in and settle them with unchallengeable proof from his own mental storehouse, or, if necessary, pull a large thumb-marked book down from a shelf and turn to the correct answer.

Then J. Wellington's mother came out and said that if we'd come around to the house, she had scraped together a few refreshments. We argued right out of the lab and right into the house—and then we shut up, as our eyes bugged out and our gastric juices began to work in gleeful anticipation.

Mrs. Hooper was one of the best refreshment "scraper-uppers" I have ever seen in my life. There was everything! It was a—a real party.

"Wow!" Bret shouted, then looked apologetic for having rattled the dishes on the shelves.

Well, that party didn't break up until it was almost dark. And then under protest.

It was easy to tell by the way the fellows thanked J. Wellington for a swell afternoon that they had no tongues in their cheeks. It had been swell. I knew. I was there.

I also knew that J. Wellington was in solid with the Oakmont fellows from there on out. It's not hard to tell when a vaccination takes. J. Wellington had given us a real shot in the arm, and it took.

The strange part of it was that none of the fellows even suspicioned all those refreshments that had been so readily available. None of them even seemed to realize that they were attending a party at J. Wellington Hooper's Handy Household Atom Mender debut. That's J. Wellington's affair. I'm not so sure it was atoms he was out to mend that day.

You see, I happen to be the only one who had seen J. Wellington reach back with his foot and jerk that plug out of the wall socket—right in the middle of his atom mending experiment.

THE END

The Return of RIN TIN TIN

PAUL, A LONELY REFUGEE BOY, WAS STAYING AT THE SANTA INES MISSION WITH FATHER MATTHEW. AND HE WAS HAPPY, BECAUSE HE HAD MADE A REAL FRIEND—THE GREAT DOG RIN TIN TIN, WHO HAD RUN AWAY FROM HIS OWNER. BUT THEN, TROUBLE CAME...



ADAPTED FROM THE
MOTION PICTURE STARRING
Bobby Blake AS
PAUL

RIN TIN TIN'S OWNER, J. GORDON MELROSE, COMES TO CLAIM HIM!

FATHER! FATHER MATTHEW! HE'S TAKING RIN TIN AWAY!

STEADY, PAUL. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO. REMEMBER, THE DOG BELONGS TO MELROSE.



YES, BUT HE WAS MY BUDDY. MAYBE...MAYBE HE'LL RUN AWAY AGAIN AND COME BACK HERE...

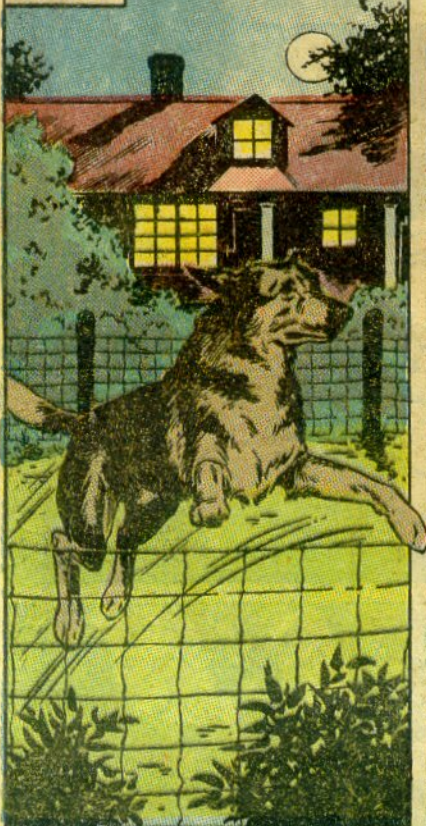


I HOPE HE DOESN'T, PAUL. MELROSE SAID HE WOULD WHIP RIN TIN TIN IF HE RAN AWAY. AGAIN, WOULD YOU WANT THAT TO HAPPEN?

OH, NO! I... GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. I'D BETTER FORGET HIM...



BUT THAT NIGHT, ON MELROSE'S ESTATE...



RIN TIN TIN!
YOU'VE COME
BACK!

ARFF!



NO! YOU'VE GOT TO GO
BACK TO MELROSE. HE'LL
BEAT YOU, OTHERWISE. GO
BACK, RIN TIN TIN.
GO BACK!



IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO MAKE
THE DOG RETURN TO HIS OWNER,
PAUL THROWS A HAMMER AT HIM!



THERE HE GOES! NOW I'LL
NEVER HAVE HIM...FOR A
BUDDY. HE HATES
ME NOW!



NEXT MORNING, J. GORDON MELROSE
SEARCHES THE WOODS FOR RIN TIN
TIN...

THAT SOUNDS LIKE
A SHEEP IN TROUBLE.
I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE

BLEAT!

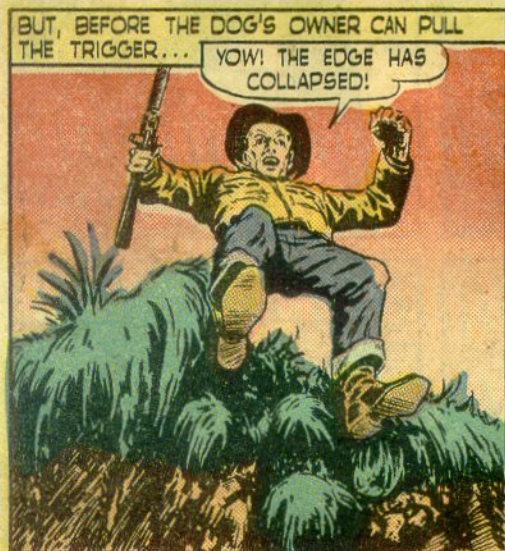




RIN TIN TIN! HE MUST HAVE KILLED THAT
EWE! IF HE'S TURNED SAVAGE AND JOINED
THAT PACK OF WILD DOGS, THERE'S
JUST ONE THING LEFT...

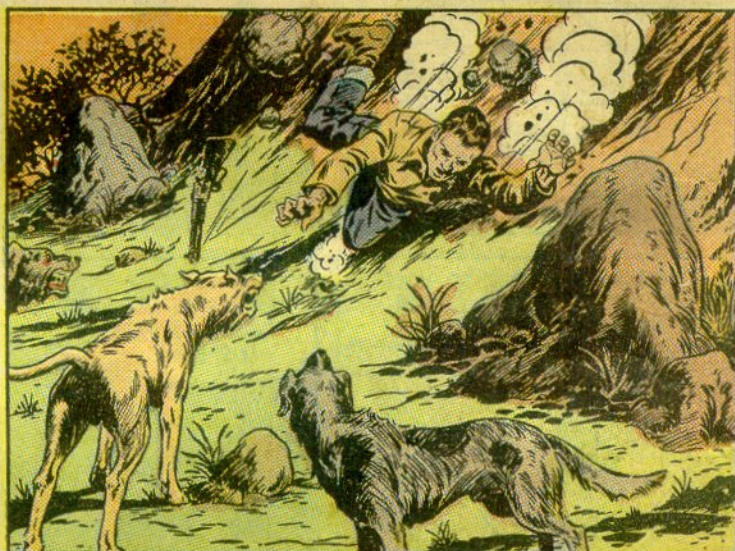


...TO DO! AND THAT'S
TO SHOOT HIM!



BUT, BEFORE THE DOG'S OWNER CAN PULL
THE TRIGGER...

YOW! THE EDGE HAS
COLLAPSED!



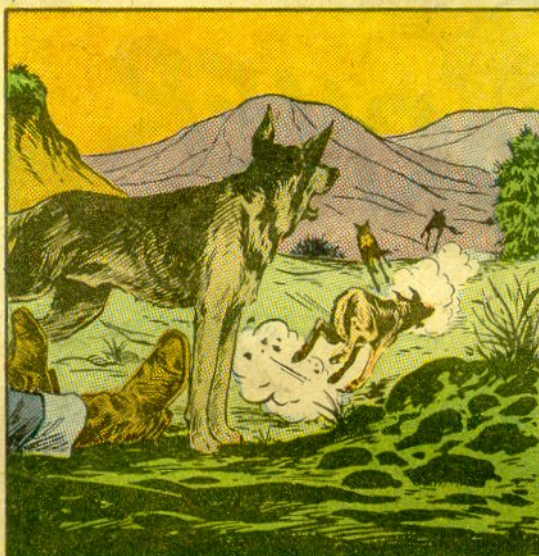
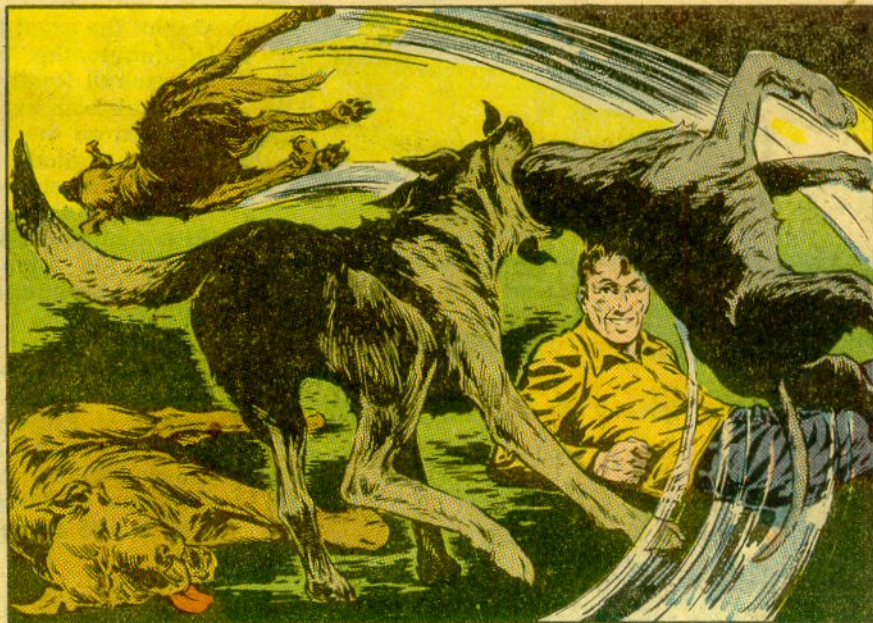
MY LEG! IT-IT MUST BE BROKEN!
AND THOSE DOGS ARE GOING
TO ATTACK!



THEY'RE MANKILLERS!
HELP! HELP!

GRRR!

SUDDENLY...

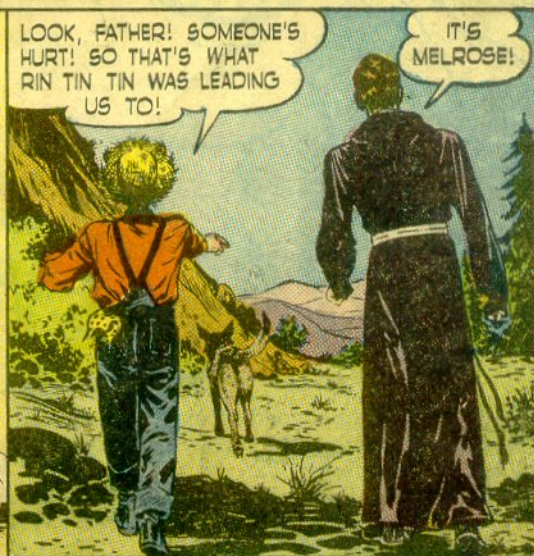


WHEN THE
PACK OF
DOGS IS
ROUTED
RIN TIN TIN
LEAVES
MELROSE
AND HEADS
BACK FOR
THE MISSION.
SOON...



LOOK, FATHER! SOMEONE'S
HURT! SO THAT'S WHAT
RIN TIN TIN WAS LEADING
US TO!

IT'S
MELROSE!



I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING,
PAUL, THAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE
LONG AGO. RIN TIN TIN IS
GOING TO BE YOURS!

MINE? B-BUT
WHY—



BECAUSE EVEN AFTER I HAD TRIED
TO SHOOT HIM, FOOLISHLY THINKING HE'D
KILLED THE SHEEP, HE SAVED MY LIFE! SO
I'M GIVING HIM A REWARD HE DESERVES
—THE RIGHT TO BE YOUR DOG!





One of the great ball-players of all time, Joe Di Maggio, the "Yankee Slugger," comes of a baseball family. His brothers Vince and Dom are both big league standouts. Getting his start on the sand-lots of San Francisco, Joe was signed by the San Francisco Seals in 1932. At eighteen, in 1933, he batted .340 and hit safely in sixty-one straight games. After slugging .341 and .398 in the next two years, Joe joined the Yankees in 1936. Plagued by injuries, he piled up some of the mightiest batting averages of baseball history, and helped the Yanks win four World Series in a row—from 1936 to 1939. He set a major league consecutive game hitting record of fifty-six games, and was twice voted the Most Valuable Player in The American League. In addition to his great hitting, Joe Di Maggio has been called "the best center fielder since Tris Speaker."

COACH'S CORNER

By JOE DI MAGGIO

IF you want to be a good hitter, remember, you've got to have confidence! No player can be a hitter without it. Relax—be yourself up at that plate. This advice was handed down to me by fellows who knew what they were talking about—Cobb, Lefty O'Doul, Cronin and Babe Ruth.

The next thing, naturally, is to pick yourself a bat. That is not as easy as it sounds. There are all kinds of bats, which weigh all kinds of weights and unless you pick one that fits your hitting personality, so to speak, you will wind up a dead pigeon. The bat must feel comfortable in your hands and you must be able to swing it with a freedom that permits a follow-through.

Before you can hit the ball, you must take your position or stance at the plate. There is no accepted stance. The batter's box is six feet in length and four feet wide—plenty of room to move around in. In adopting a stance, it must be remembered that comfort is most

important. Any stance that is uncomfortable to the particular batter will automatically throw him off balance as he swings or attempts to swing.

There are many who crowd the plate, others who stand forward and still others move in with a step, short or long, depending on the pitcher. I have a particularly wide stance—about twelve inches, with my feet flat.

Just as in golf, or tennis, players have different ways of gripping a bat. The grip, like everything else connected with hitting, should be one that feels comfortable. There are players who place their hands close together at the end of the handle—Babe Ruth used such a grip because he was a free swinger and went for terrific distance; and there are the choke hitters, with the hands placed upward from the end of the bat. This grip is used by smaller men and fellows who like to try and place their hits.

The third accepted school of

thought on grip was Ty Cobb's—his hands were about six or seven inches apart as they gripped the handle. It is a hard grip to really master and while it is suitable both for place or distance hitting, only a fellow who could swing as swiftly and as freely as Cobb must have, and had the remarkable sense of timing and eye that Cobb had, should attempt to use it. Beginners are warned to stay away from it. Most batters who go for distance use the first grip, with the hands at the end of the handle close together.

The bat should be held well out in front of the body. A good many players, with lots of nervous energy, keep swinging the bat to and fro, or tapping the home plate. There is no accepted rule on this. I personally hold my bat almost shoulder high and just wait for the ball to come over. I swing late that way, but, since it is my natural style of hitting, I have never changed it, although I have been advised many times to sharpen my

swing. My swing is short and depends on timing and wrist action. The start of your swing should find your arms and elbows away from your body, to give you the freedom of the swing, and the finish should find the bat around the shoulder and the head. The follow-through is very important to every batter, no matter how he swings, and it cannot be stressed too much. The bat must be swung on a direct level, going through a straight line, and there is no dropping or raising of the bat after the swing has started.

Follow-through and lack of a hitch in your swing is the difference between a fly-ball hitter and one who hits hard line drives or grounders. It is always in a pitcher's mind to make you pop up and he'll try to feed you in such a way as to make you change your swing.

The rear leg, the right for a right-handed batter, and the left for a left-handed hitter, is also an important item in your batting prowess. That is the leg which supports your weight as you swing. It is part of your balance of power.

It is suggested that you stand erect in the batter's box while waiting for the pitch but that is entirely up to yourself. I have known many great hitters, like Earl Coombs, for instance, who batted out of a half-crouch and did very well.

You are now ready to hit. You have your bat in hand—a balanced bat to suit your particular taste and comfort—and you have adopted the stance most favorable to you. Your feet are spread slightly, or a bit more, as you choose, and you watch the pitcher. At all times, keep your eye on the ball. Don't take your eye off that little pellet that can come up there as tiny as a pea at times, and at others as big as a balloon.

The pitcher has a lot of tricks to fool you with. It is his privilege to throw a curve, or a fast straight ball. He may want to throw a change of pace or try to nip the outside corner or the inside corner. He may pitch high or low and it's up to you to out-guess him.

The ball is coming up and you decide you like it. You take your stride, naturally, as you have practiced it, and swing on that straight line to meet the ball. Even if you miss it, you'll notice that you follow through automatically as you swing around. That is the natural thing to do and you will find that when you do connect, the ball will have more power and more distance behind it.

Hitting the ball is one thing, "hitting 'em where they ain't" is another. A good part of that is luck and the breaks of the game. There are very few hitters who can call their shots to such an extent that they can be called "place hitters." Willie Keeler, the fellow whose consecutive game hitting record I broke, was one of the great place-hitters of all time, they tell me. He could hit them almost any spot he picked. He must have been good but with the lively ball and pitchers against you who are going to try to give you a ball you don't like to hit, I defy anybody to place them at will.

But you can try, however. If the ball is on the outside, a curve or fast one, or a change of pace, you should try to hit it into right field or to right-center if you're a right-handed hitter. They'll be playing for you to hit it into left. And if the ball is inside, try to pull it into left field. These conditions are reversed for a southpaw hitter, naturally.

A lot of people have asked me the secret of my hitting. I really can't answer that except to say that I feel natural up there. Others have watched me, however, and I will take the liberty to quote one of them. Mickey Cochrane, who could do a bit of hitting himself, had an answer which was very flattering. He said:

"I'll tell you how it is. It's the way he keeps those wrists cocked until the final stages of his swing. They are still cocked up to the last foot or so—then he turns them loose at exactly the right moment and the right spot. It's like a steel spring at work, or some form of explosion. The natural tendency is to hit too soon. In this respect, it's the same in baseball as it is in golf. Di Maggio seems to wait longer than anyone I ever saw, before he puts the final slash with those wrists. I think that's the answer."



Joe Di Maggio's wide, flat-footed stance works for him, but you may be more comfortable with your feet together, or with one foot in the bucket, like Al Simmons of the Athletics.



Hands close together at the end of the handle—that's the grip Joe uses and the one he recommends for all batters who want to try for long-distance hitting. It packs a real wallop!



Joe's lifetime batting average is the best evidence that follow-through pays off. Hold the bat firmly and swing it all the way without a hitch, keeping it parallel to the ground.

THE ADVENTURES OF

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IN THE WORLD

BIGBRAIN BILLY STARTS ON A SKI HIKE AND WINDS UP PLAYING NURSE TO A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S SON IN: "THE LIGHT THAT SUCCEEDED!"

QUIT THE SACK,
BILLY! WE WERE GOING
TO START OUR SKI
HIKE AT FOUR A.M. AND
IT'S ALMOST EIGHT ALREADY!

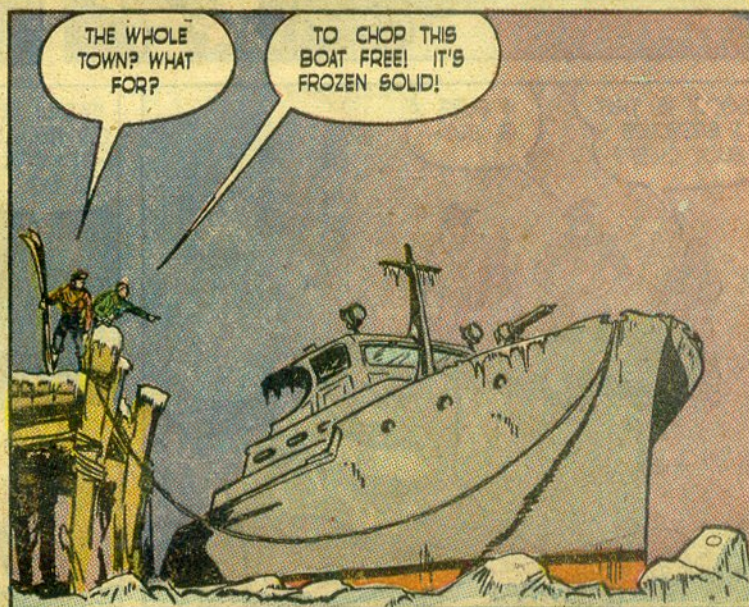
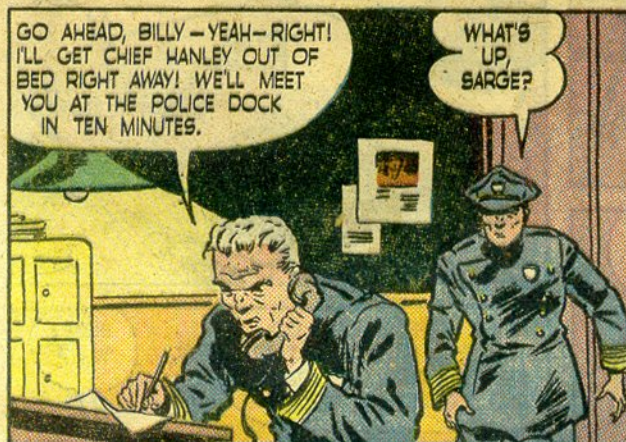
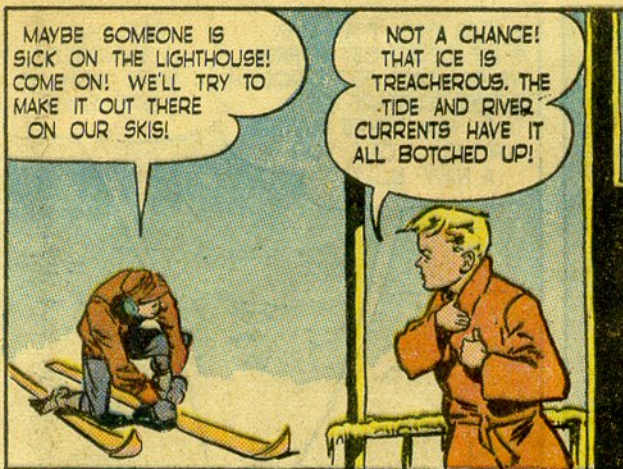
EIGHT? MY CLOCK
SAYS THREE THIRTY!
IT'S THE MIDDLE OF
THE NIGHT, YOU OWL!

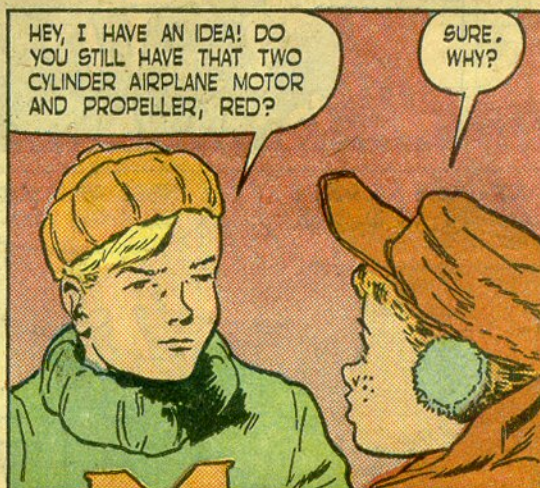
OH, OH,
LOOK, BILLY.
THERE IT
GOES ON
AGAIN!

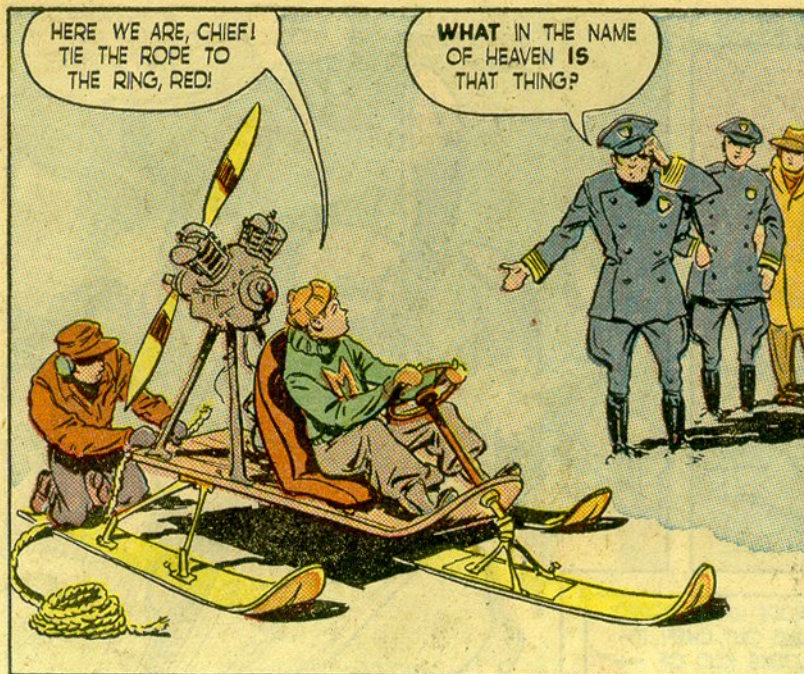
SOMETHING'S WRONG!
IT ISN'T TURNING! IT'S
FLICKERING ON AND OFF
— HOLY SMOKE! THAT'S
MORSE CODE!
AND—THEY'RE CALLING
FOR HELP!!!

THERE'S THE PROOF! THE LIGHTHOUSE
LIGHT WENT OUT TEN MINUTES AGO! IT
ALWAYS STAYS LIT TILL SEVEN THIRTY!
SO IT MUST BE ALMOST EIGHT NOW!

THAT'S FUNNY —
IT'S SO DARK!

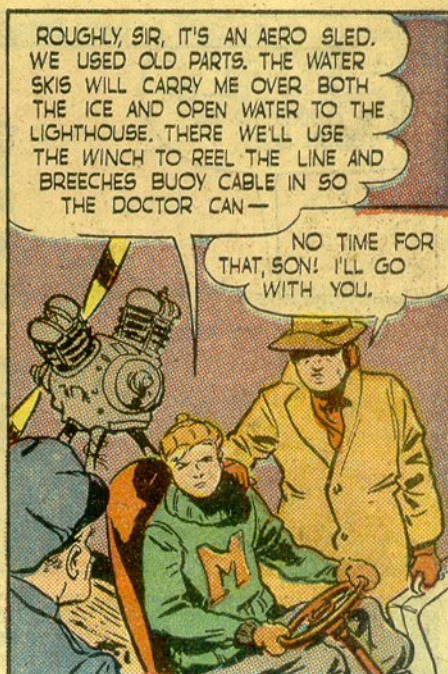






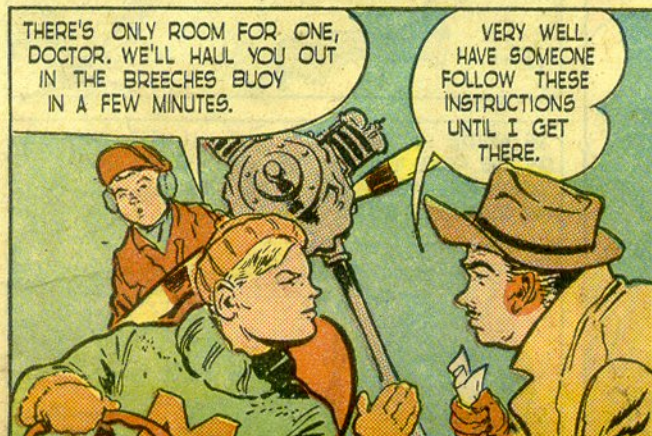
HERE WE ARE, CHIEF!
TIE THE ROPE TO
THE RING, RED!

WHAT IN THE NAME
OF HEAVEN IS
THAT THING?



ROUGHLY, SIR, IT'S AN AERO SLED.
WE USED OLD PARTS. THE WATER
SKIS WILL CARRY ME OVER BOTH
THE ICE AND OPEN WATER TO THE
LIGHTHOUSE. THERE WE'LL USE
THE WINCH TO REEL THE LINE AND
BREECHES BUOY CABLE IN SO
THE DOCTOR CAN—

NO TIME FOR
THAT, SON! I'LL GO
WITH YOU.



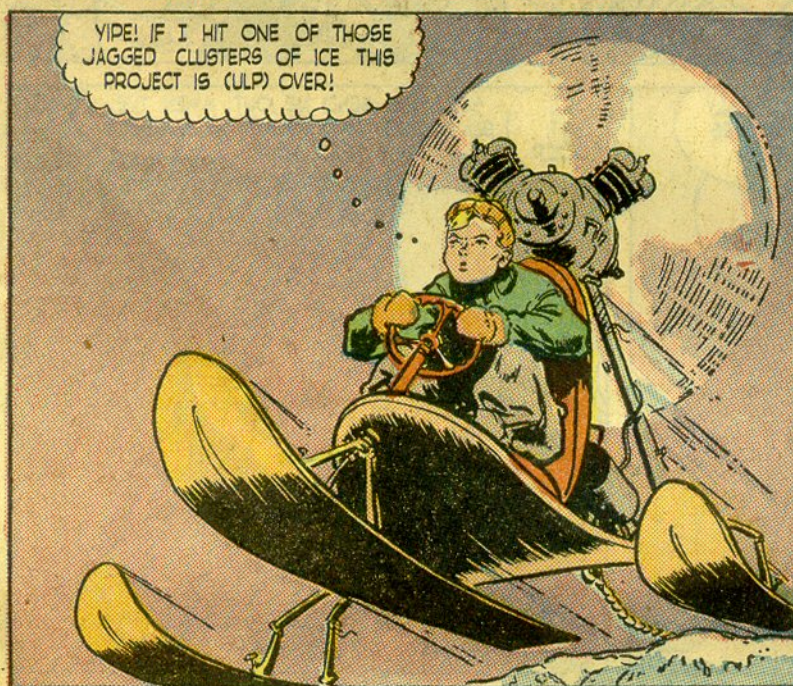
THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE,
DOCTOR. WE'LL HAUL YOU OUT
IN THE BREECHES BUOY
IN A FEW MINUTES.

VERY WELL.
HAVE SOMEONE
FOLLOW THESE
INSTRUCTIONS
UNTIL I GET
THERE.

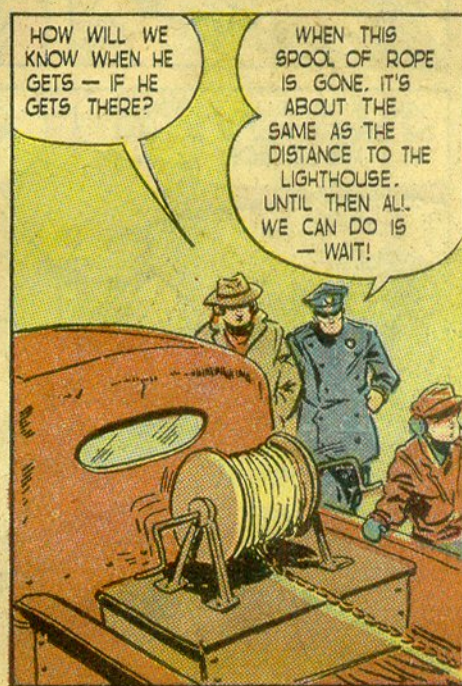


GOOD LUCK, SON! I
SHOULDN'T ALLOW YOU
TO DO THIS, BUT—

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT,
SIR! SO LONG!



YIPE! IF I HIT ONE OF THOSE
JAGGED CLUSTERS OF ICE THIS
PROJECT IS (ULP) OVER!

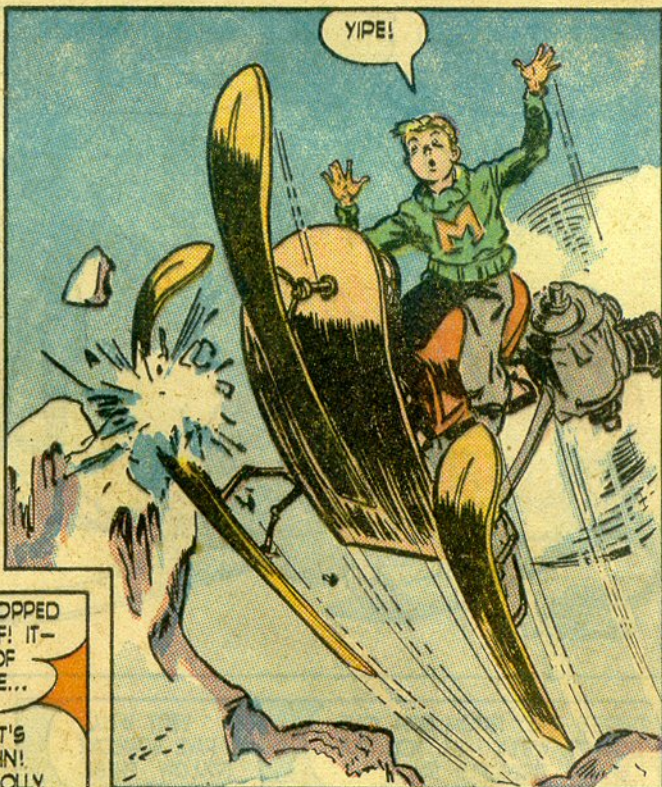


HOW WILL WE
KNOW WHEN HE
GETS — IF HE
GETS THERE?

WHEN THIS
SPOOL OF ROPE
IS GONE, IT'S
ABOUT THE
SAME AS THE
DISTANCE TO THE
LIGHTHOUSE.
UNTIL THEN ALL
WE CAN DO IS
— WAIT!

MEANWHILE, AS THE LIGHT OF DAWN BREAKS OVER THE BAY...

NOW I CAN SEE WHERE I'M ... OH-OH! THIS IS GOING TO BE A TOUGH ONE!



YIPE!



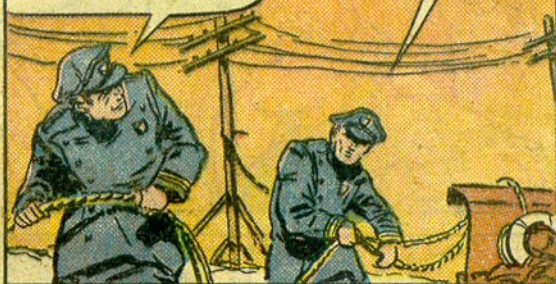
THE ROPE HAS STOPPED REELING OUT, CHIEF! IT—IT LOOKS KIND OF SHORT...MAYBE HE...

HOLD IT! IT'S GOING AGAIN! SLOWLY! BY GOLLY, HE'S MAKING A TRY FOR IT ON FOOT!



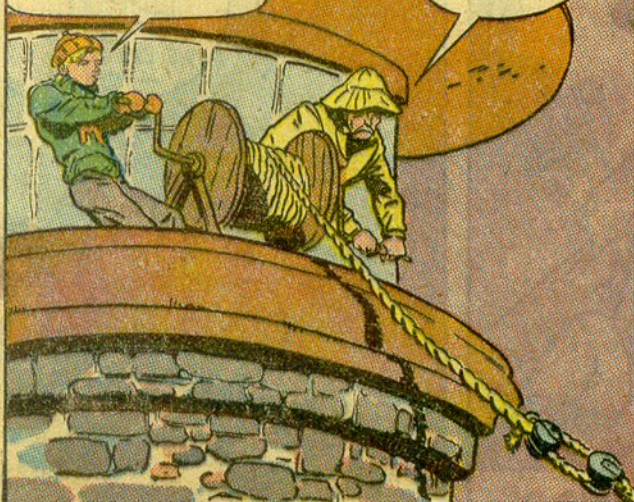
HE MADE IT! THAT TUG ON THE ROPE IS FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE WINCH! GET THE BUOY SEAT READY!

ALL SET, CHIEF! LET'ER GO!



HERE IT COMES, MR. WATSON. THE DOCTOR WILL BE OUT HERE IN A FEW SECONDS.

IF—IF ONLY HE ARRIVES IN TIME!

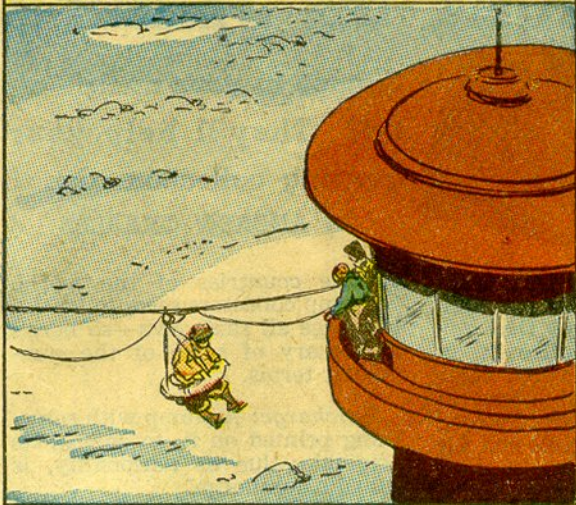


ALL SET, DOC?

YES, YES! SEND ME OUT! WHEN THE SEAT COMES BACK, SEND THE NURSE! I MAY NEED HELP!

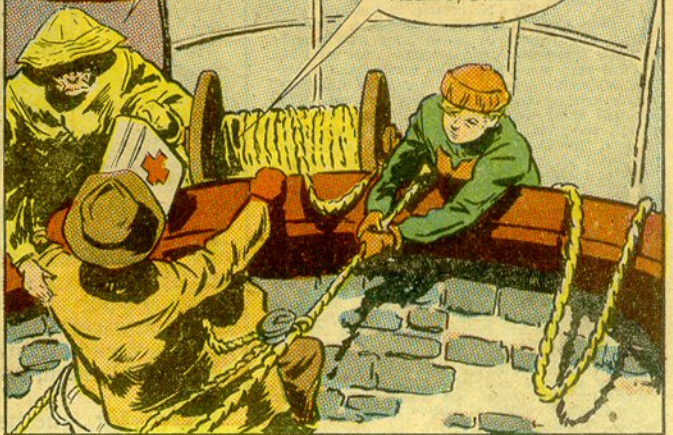


THE POLICE SURGEON MAKES THE PERILOUS JOURNEY TO SAVE A LIFE... AT THE RISK OF HIS OWN!



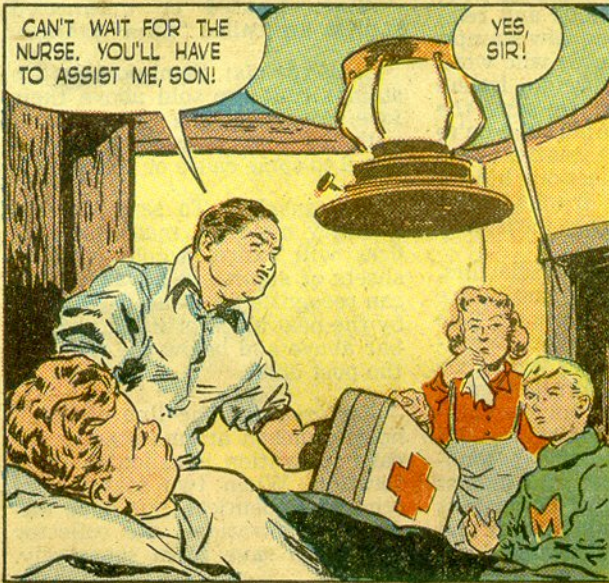
THE BOY'S DOWNSTAIRS, DOCTOR...WE'RE AFRAID FOR HIM!

SEND THE SEAT BACK. WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR HIM. COME ALONG, BILLY.

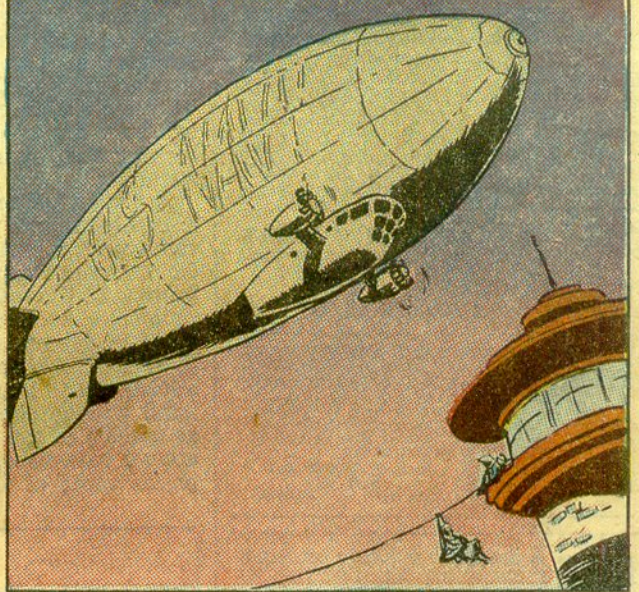


CAN'T WAIT FOR THE NURSE. YOU'LL HAVE TO ASSIST ME, SON!

YES, SIR!



AND AS THE STRANGE DRAMA UNFOLDS WITHIN THE ICEBOUND LIGHTHOUSE, AN AIRBORNE AMBULANCE ARRIVES...



HE'LL BE OKAY NOW! THAT WAS EXCELLENT SURGERY, DOCTOR!

I COULDN'T MISS— WITH ONE OF THE MOST COMPETENT ASSISTANTS I'VE EVER WORKED WITH! THE BOY! WHERE DID HE GO?



HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A SKI HIKE, FIXED UP HIS AIRPLANE, SLED AND LEFT. IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG?

NO—I WAS JUST THINKING! IF **EVERYONE** HAD THE STAMINA **THAT** LAD HAS, MEN LIKE ME WOULD STARVE TO DEATH FOR WANT OF WORK!





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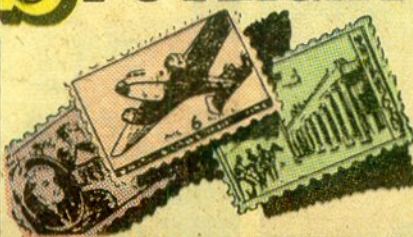
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SPOTLIGHT ON STAMPS



Stamps in your uncle's attic? They'll help your growing collection along!

By ANDREW CHARLES

IN the last issue of "Calling All Boys," we mentioned the various types of collections that you might want to specialize in, in starting your stamp hobby. Some of the interesting possibilities are: Heroes, Sports, Explorers, Famous Men and Women, Animals and Air Post.

Now for another tip which should help you in building your collection. Your friends and relatives can help you add new stamps. If you know any people who work in offices where foreign letters come in, ask them to save the stamps for you. And, if you're lucky, you may find relatives who have old stamp collections hidden in their attics or trunks. Keep looking and you may be pleasantly surprised!

In trading with other collectors, a catalogue will help you judge the value of your stamps. The Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., will send you a fine illustrated booklet with listings of all U. S. stamps for only twenty-five cents. For foreign stamps, I'd advise you to buy a copy (second-hand will be cheaper and almost as useful) of the Scott Company's annual catalogue, which lists and prices most of the stamps from

all the countries of the world. Stamp collectors seem to have a language all their own—so here's a glossary of some of the commonest terms.

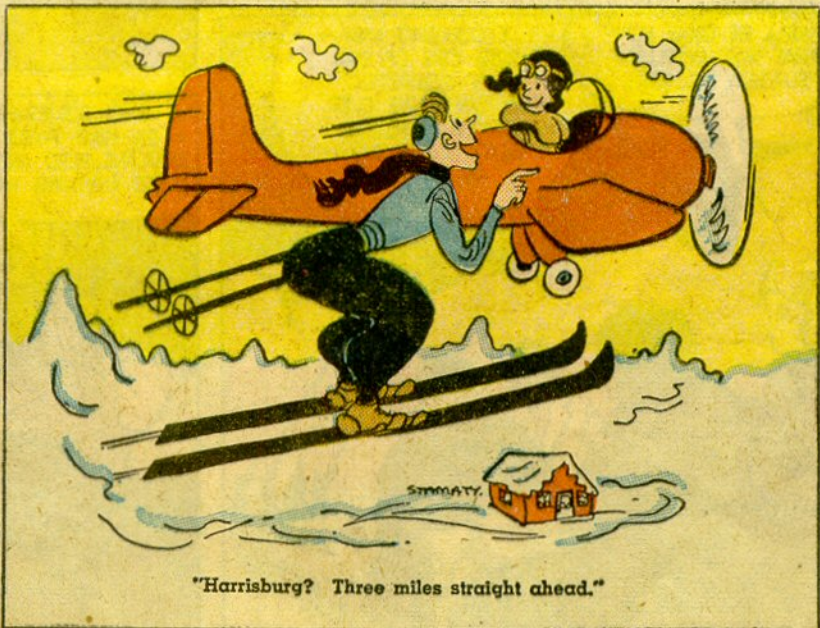
Surcharge: A stamp with something printed on it, to change its original value or nationality, is called a surcharge.

Mint: Unused or uncanceled stamps are called "mint" stamps.

Semi-postals: Semi-postals are stamps that are sold above their face value by the government, with the extra proceeds being donated to some cause or charity.

Pre-canceled: To save time in quantity mailings, many post offices will cancel whole rolls or sheets of stamps in advance. You can recognize pre-canceled stamps by the neat block printing and the bar above and below the name of the post office.

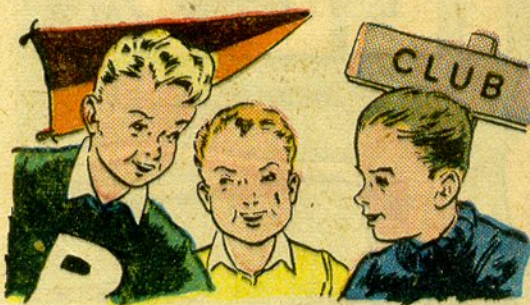
Perforation: The line of small holes punched around stamps for easy separation is called the perforation. When two stamps are otherwise identical, but have different perforations, the collector will often save them separately.



"Harrisburg? Three miles straight ahead."

LET'S TALK IT OVER

By STEPHEN STRONG



"Backward and shy?" Put your best foot forward, says Stephen Strong!

"I never seem to be sure of myself with other fellows and girls. How can I overcome these inferiority feelings?"

Ted M., 15, Ohio

It's perfectly normal, Ted, for you to meet people every day who outshine you in sports, school work or other activities. But just because Jim, Tom and Roy excel in football or on the dance floor,

is no reason at all for you to feel inferior to them. In life some fellows are bound to stand out through sheer personality and ability. But we can't all be like that. If you're the quiet kind, steady and likeable, your friends should appreciate you all the more.

That's no reason, of course, for you to sit on the sidelines all the time. Make it your business to develop skills, athletic or otherwise. Join in school activities, and if you can't be chairman, at least join the committee!

There's nothing like knowledge to give you confidence, so why not become an authority on several subjects? Take one at a time and really study and explore it! If it's a lively, interesting topic, you'll find that conversation with other fellows and girls will be no problem at all.

"My friends want to start a club, but we don't know where to begin."

Phil R., 12, Texas

The first thing for you to do, Phil, is to round up members for your club. It will help if they're all about the same age and live

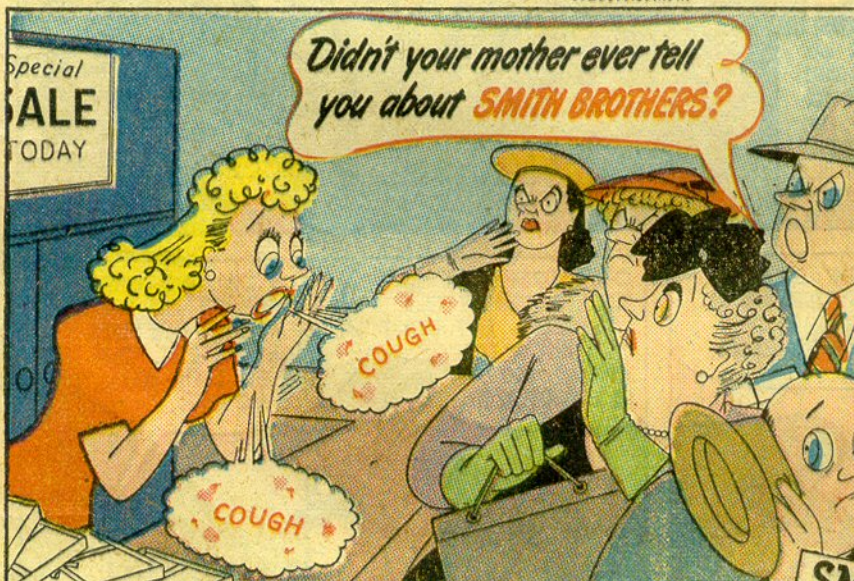
near each other, and six or eight should be enough to start with. The second step is to talk to your dads about the club. If possible get them all to a meeting, explain what you're trying to do, and you'll be surprised how much help they can give.

For a meeting place, one of the boys' homes may have a convenient room or cellar, or you may be able to tie up with some organization like the YMCA, church or school. In fact, this organization might be able to supply you with an adult leader, who could help you plan activities like hikes, hobby nights, cook-outs, discussions, games, socials and service projects.

After a while, when your activities are running smoothly, you may want to have such things as by-laws, officers and even club jackets or sweaters. While none of these are essential, they do help to add spirit. And, if your club is large, it's advisable to have democratically elected committees or members with definite jobs, such as program planning, collection of dues and acceptance of new members.

But remember—the club should really belong to all its members, and they should all take part in running it. That will be the best long-range test of its success.

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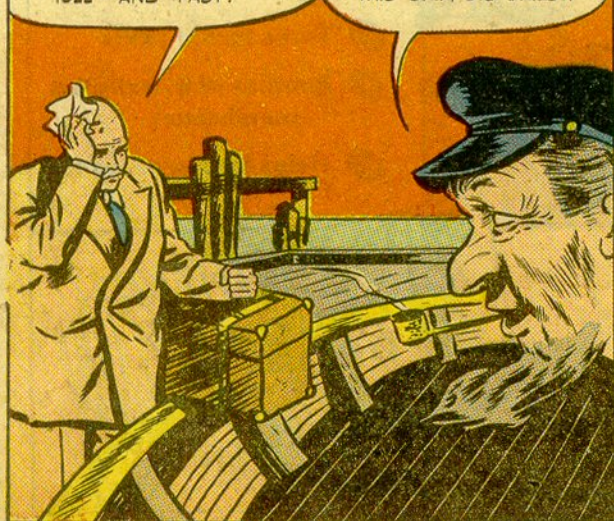
"THE MYSTERY OF DESERT ISLE"



A FABULOUS PIRATE TREASURE LAY BURIED DEEP ON DESERT ISLE! ONE MAN KNEW ITS LOCATION, BUT TO GET IT, HE NEEDED THE HELP OF DIG BAILEY AND THE "BROADSIDE." READ THE "MYSTERY OF DESERT ISLE!"

ONE DAY... MY NAME IS REESE. I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME TO DESERT ISLE—AND FAST!

SUFFERIN' SALMON! YE'D BETTER SEE THE CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP, DIG BAILEY.



OF COURSE WE'LL TAKE YOU TO DESERT ISLE, MR. REESE. BUT DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S NOTHING BUT AN OLD MUDFLAT?

I KNOW! AND WHY I WANT TO GO THERE IS MY OWN BUSINESS, BAILEY. HERE'S YOUR PAY, SO LET'S GET MOVING.



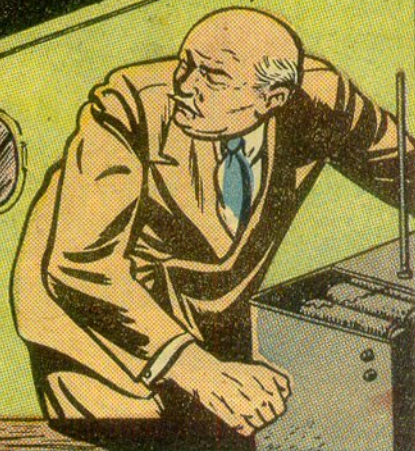
EN ROUTE TO DESERT ISLE...

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT MR. REESE IS UP TO.



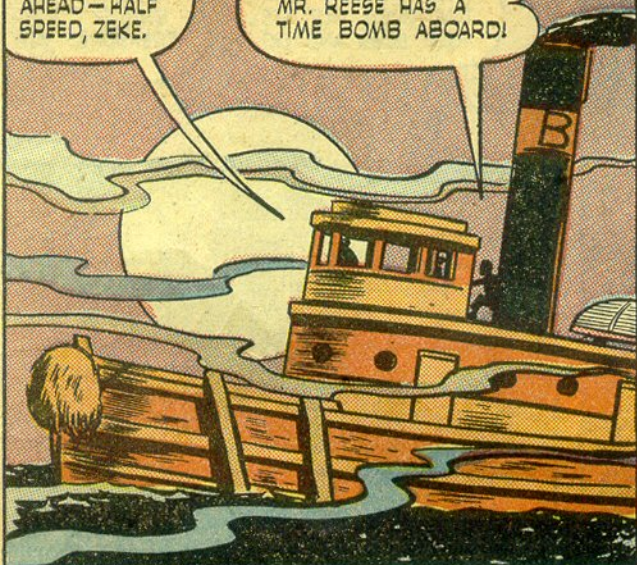
THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE SOME COFFEE AND—GOSH! LOOK AT THAT!

GET OUT! GET OUT OF HERE!



DESERT ISLE AHEAD—HALF SPEED, ZEKE.

A TIME BOMB! DIG, MR. REESE HAS A TIME BOMB ABOARD!



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, REESE? TUFFY SAYS YOU HAVE A TIME BOMB IN YOUR SUITCASE.

NONSENSE! IT'S NO TIME BOMB. BUT I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU AN EXPLANATION!



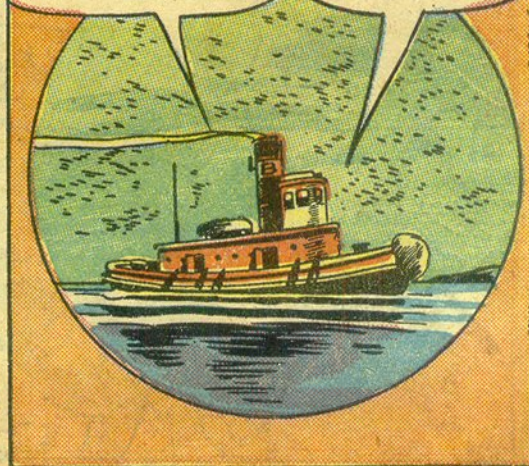
HERE'S WHAT THE BOY SAW. THIS INSTRUMENT IS A DEPTH RECORDER. IT SENDS OUT AND PICKS UP SUPERSONIC SIGNALS.

SUPERSONIC? THOSE ARE SOUND WAVES TOO HIGH TO BE HEARD BY THE HUMAN EAR.

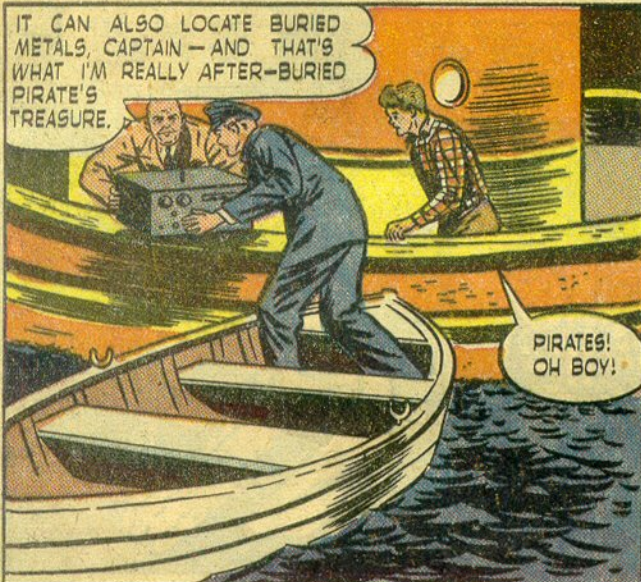


EXACTLY! WITH THE DEPTH RECORDER, WE CAN LISTEN TO FISH SWIMMING UNDERWATER!

THUNDERATION! MAYBE THAT'LL IMPROVE MY FISHING LUCK!



IT CAN ALSO LOCATE BURIED METALS, CAPTAIN—AND THAT'S WHAT I'M REALLY AFTER—BURIED PIRATE'S TREASURE.



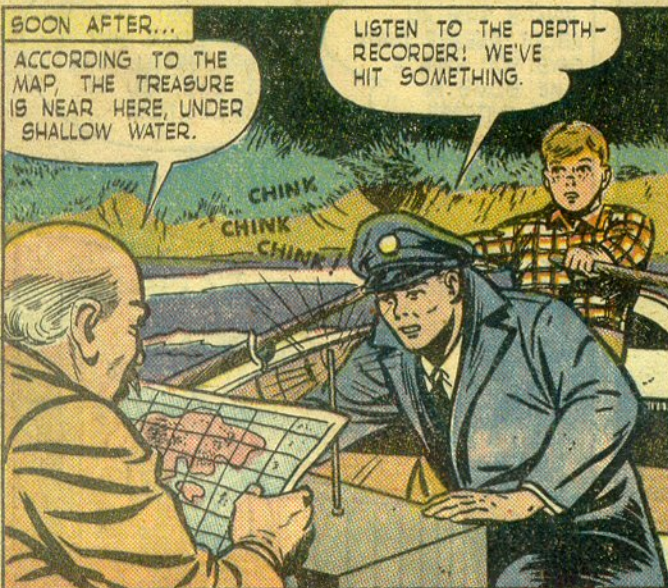
YOU SEE, I FOUND AN OLD MAP SHOWING BURIED TREASURE ON DESERT ISLE. BUT A GANG OF HI-JACKERS GOT WIND OF IT, AND THEY'VE BEEN TRAILING ME. THAT'S WHY I'VE TRIED TO BE SECRETIVE!



SOON AFTER...

ACCORDING TO THE MAP, THE TREASURE IS NEAR HERE, UNDER SHALLOW WATER.

LISTEN TO THE DEPTH-RECORDER! WE'VE HIT SOMETHING.



AS SOON AS THE TIDE GOES OUT WE'LL GET BUSY AND DIG.

WHEE! BURIED TREASURE!



SUDDENLY!

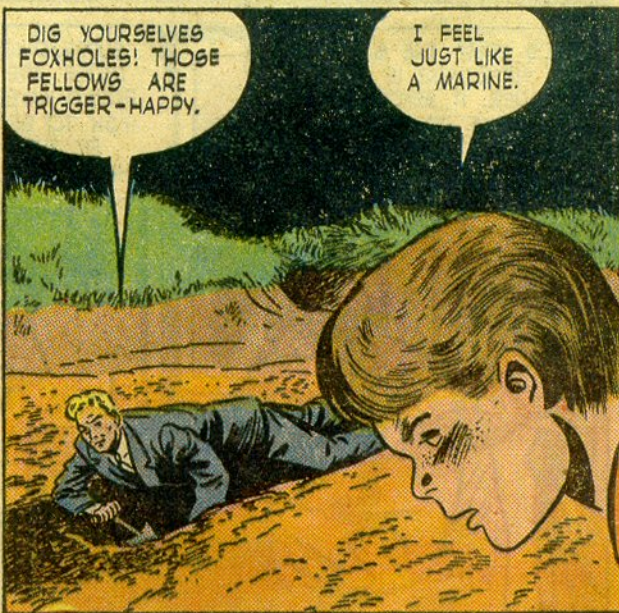
BULLETS! DUCK, EVERYBODY.

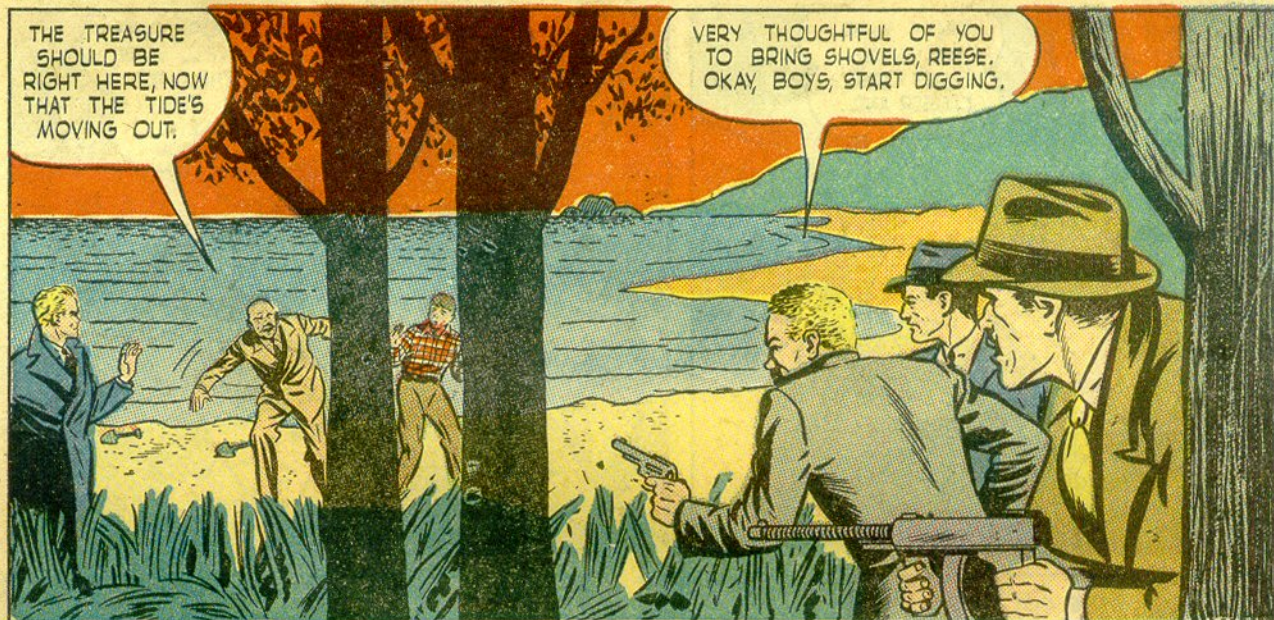
THOSE HI-JACKERS MUST HAVE SPOTTED US!



DIG YOURSELVES FOXHOLES! THOSE FELLOWS ARE TRIGGER-HAPPY.

I FEEL JUST LIKE A MARINE.





DIG SEES THAT THE GANG'S ATTENTION IS DIVERTED...

THINK I'LL TAKE
A HAND NOW!

WHA—



NICE FORWARD
PASS, BLACKY.



GET THAT KID!
HE WON'T DARE
FIRE THE GUN.

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!
JUST COME
CLOSER AND...



I'M FIRING OVER YOUR
HEAD NOW. IF YOU
DON'T SURRENDER,
I'LL LOWER
THE GUN.

NICE WORK, TUFFY.
NOW WE'LL JUST
GET THEM TO
LOAD THE
TREASURE IN
OUR DINGHY.



LATER.

WE'VE GOT THEIR
LAUNCH, SO THEY'LL BE
MAROONED ON DESERT ISLE,
UNTIL THE HARBOR PATROL
PICKS THEM UP.

DIG, I'M SORRY
ABOUT WHAT
I SAID BEFORE.
I GUESS THAT
SOMETIMES THE
SMARTEST THING
IS TO GIVE IN
AND THEN WAIT
TO TURN
THE TABLES.



HERE YOU ARE, TUFFY,
AS A SMALL REWARD
FOR HELPING TO ROUND
UP BLACKY'S
GANG!

GEE, THANKS,
MR. REESE!
A REAL CROWN!



THERE'S PLENTY OF EXCITING COMIC
ADVENTURE IN EACH AND EVERY
ISSUE OF "CALLING ALL BOYS!"

SMALL-TIME CHAMPION

(Continued from page 17)

Ace Collins, barrel-chested and confident, in possession of the next lane cried good naturedly. "Good luck, Morgan!" He added, "We are racing for the silver cup this time."

Red caught his breath quickly. The series of events leading up to the medley were the same as the dual meet. Would the race end the same way? The answer depended on the testing of a crazy theory that he had worked out about his own sympathetic nervous system—an idea tied up with a desperate hope that after all he could prove he had a champion's heart.

"Take your marks . . ."

It was even the same patient starter as before.

The picture of Dad and Ma flashed across Red's mind as he hurled himself up and out at the sound of the gun.

One by one the heads of the swimmers broke water. The spectators gasped as a flaming head of hair bobbed to the surface six feet ahead of Ace Collins.

Red drove on toward the end of the pool to make the required twohanded touch. He excelled at the breast stroke turn, and he determined to take full advantage of his skill to increase his lead. A final thrust with his legs, and his hands shot upward to catch the gleaming edge. His mouth, opening for a quick bite of air, closed with a choking mouthful of water. Through some trick of reflected light on tile he had misjudged the distance and bungled the turn.

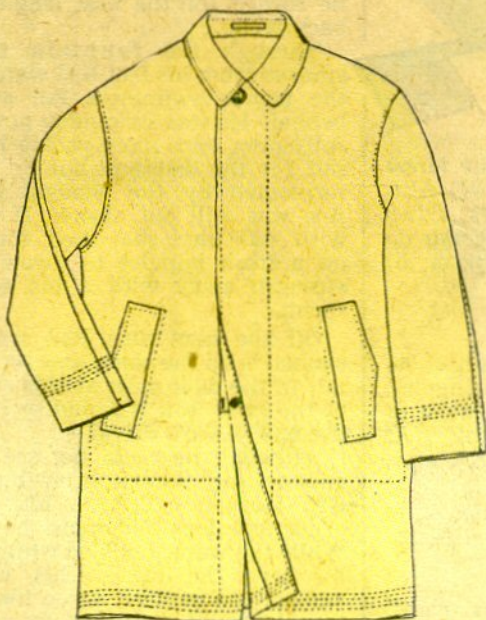
For an instant Red floundered against the tile wall, squeezing the chlorine-tainted water from his mouth and fighting for breath. His recovery was swift, but already several bodies had hurtled off the turn ahead of him.

Halfway back Red broke into a space-devouring butterfly. It stung him to be trailing at the very

(Continued on next page)

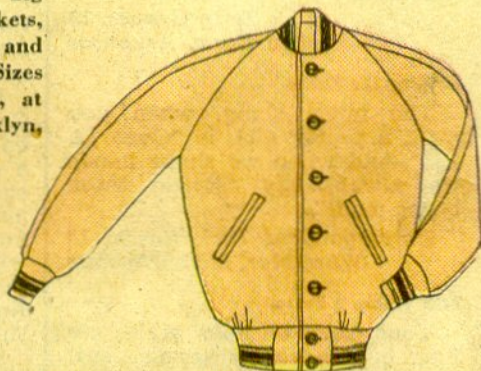
ROUGH 'N' READY

By LEN ROTHGERBER



Let it rain! Rough weather won't bother you in the "Starhaven," this really snazzy looking, finger-tip, zipper front raincoat. It's made of tan cotton twill and the slash pockets are wide and deep. If Mom will fork over \$14.00, she can get it at Rogers Peet or Lord & Taylor in New

York City, in sizes 10 to 18. Below: Batter up! You'll never be a bench warmer in this sturdy, weather resistant, Aleutian cloth jacket. On or off the diamond, it's strictly big league, with roomy slash pockets, knitted collar and waist band, and a sharp cotton plaid lining. Sizes 8 to 22, it sells for \$7.95, at Abraham & Straus, in Brooklyn, New York.



Some Bait! Ever dream of deep sea fishing? You can hook a school of sailfish . . . and wear them all summer, just to prove you know your line.

It's a honey of a cotton shirt, pre-shrunk, vat-dyed, in blue or tan. Sizes 10 to 18, by Croyden, about \$3.00. The Unity Shirt Shops, Albany, New York, and Erie, Pennsylvania.



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Here they are, gang, the latest letters from the "CALLING ALL BOYS" Correspondents' Club members. Keep them pouring in, 'cause we like to hear from all our readers!

Basketball Star

We've just finished the basketball season here in Los Angeles, and our school team won most of its games. My pals think that Don Barksdale, the UCLA star, is tops in the country.

Correspondent Roy Newton, 14
Los Angeles, California

Little Rock Manners

Mary Ellen Lewis is right! Nowadays most fellows could certainly use a course in behavior. In our town they're always showing off at parties, being noisy and making trouble.

Betty Graves, 13
Little Rock, Arkansas

Slipping the Slang

The latest slang, when you meet a pretty girl, is "Oooo La La!" And when we shake hands we always say "Rattle those bones, bud!"

Correspondent Dick Rasch, 12
Worcester, Massachusetts

Eric Wears a Barrel

Your pages on boys' styles are fine, but, since clothes are still rationed in England, they look like things of the future to me! I receive a clothing ration of 34 coupons, and it takes 27 just to buy a suit.

Eric Lane, 17
Liverpool, England

Sports Coming Up, Tom!

How about some more good sport stories? "Miracle Quarterback," that one about the colored football player, was swell.

Correspondent Tom Marino, 11
Detroit, Michigan

SMALL-TIME CHAMPION

(Continued from previous page)

beginning, and for a few reckless moments he disregarded his knowledge of pace to try to catch Ace Collins. The noise of cheering reached his ears above the gurgle and roar of the water as he turned for the first length of backstroke.

Through the fountain that spurted from his feet Red watched the poorer swimmers fall away behind. He was swimming powerfully now, once more pacing himself for the distance, but he was tormented by the thought that Ace was still out ahead. It was with difficulty that Red fought off a fresh impulse to throw his strength away with a too early sprint.

Off the next turn Red somersaulted with the same ease he had felt in the dual meet at this stage of the race. But it would be coming now—Ace's drive!

Although he could not see the pace-setting Terrace swimmer, Red Morgan called on his own arms and legs for more power. While the water bubbled whiter in his lane, he braced his mind against the moment when his old trouble would strike him from the race. It seemed impossible now that his experiment could succeed, with worry over that first bad turn added to the excitement of competing for the cup—and Ace Collins still in the lead. The next twenty yards would tell him all he needed to know.

Up and down along the pool Coach Rider paced with one eye on his stop watch, the other on a mop of fiery red hair. At the end of the backstroke lap a grin almost broke across the coach's face as Red unknowingly closed to within a body's length of Ace Collins. But memory was painful. Rider bit hard on his lip and resumed his march.

Red's legs uncoiled against the tile to shoot him into the first length of freestyle. Now, for the first time in the race he could see Ace Collins clearly, a scant two yards ahead of him. At the same instant the astonishing truth struck him that his stomach still felt free and relaxed. In a driving surge the Granville swimmer went after the man who had beaten him three times before.

Red was flying down the pool with the speed of a fighting tuna. There was no weight in the middle this time! The knowledge rang through his brain like a war chant as his driving strokes planed him upward until his entire back gleamed free of the water. He was up to and off the last turn in a flash and heading back toward the

finish, swimming furiously.

The Granville fans were going crazy. Before their eyes a miracle was taking place—it was Torchy Morgan out there swimming again—the Torchy Morgan of old blazing down the gun lap to a new pool record! Hoarse throats shrieked until voices cracked, "Torchy! Y-a-a-ay, Torchy!"

Red held on to the gutter rail at the end of his lane and panted while the finish judges took names. He sneaked a glance toward the Granville seats and grinned happily. Head and shoulders above the wildly cheering students danced a rugged man in a store suit, waving his best Sunday-go-to-meeting felt hat and shouting down toward his red-haired wife.

Stubby Baker had finished dressing and started to walk out of the dressing room following a certain traditional election when he turned firmly to Red Morgan. "If it isn't too impertinent to ask a personal question of our newly-elected captain, what did you do to break that jinx?" He bent over to re-tie a shoelace.

"Went without supper last night," Red beamed.

Stubby grinned as the simplicity of it dawned on him, and he straightened with a chuckle to look for his friend.

But Red had left. He was loping down the street toward the Students' Building—and Bill Muldrow—with the corner of a folded white paper sticking out between his fingers.

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QUIZ SOLUTION: 1—b; 2—c; 3—c; 4—c; 5—b; 6—a.